Good Will and Conflict—*By Charles A. Ellwood*

The World Tomorrow

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ol. IX. MARCH 1926 No. 3

Pacifism As Adventure

Life's Bread and Wine
By E. Merrill Root

Pacifism in the Labor Field
By Harold Rotzel

Great Crusades and Real Things
By Stanley High

A Pacifist Adventure in War Time
By Malcolm Sparkes

The Anthracite Truce, by H. S. Raushenbush

The Fellowship Press, Inc.
104 East Ninth Street, New York, N. Y.

The World Tomorrow

Vol. IX March, 1926 No. 3

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

MAURICE BECKER, who drew the lithographs in this number, is a widely known artist. He is a conscientious objector who, during the war, was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison. At Leavenworth he participated in the great prisoners' strike in 1919 and was released shortly afterwards.

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HAROLD ROTZEL, a Methodist minister whose pacifism lost him his parish, was a member of the Lawrence Strike Committee in 1919 and Organizer for the Amalgamated Textile Workers for two years thereafter.

MALCOLM SPARKES has been Managing Director of Guild Housing, Ltd., an English co-operative organization. Mr. Sparkes was for several years London secretary of the Building Guild.

For the brief stories of pacifism in practise we are indebted to several friends including Ernest R. Chamberlain, George L. Collins, and Albert Coyle.

The Point of View

"WE may fight for the cause of international peace because we are very fond of fighting." We glory in this pre-war jibe of Chesterton's. We are no mild assenters. The conscientious objectors who endured scorn, brutality, prison—even death—rather than participate in organized murder have launched the greatest struggle of the ages. We pacifists do not claim as our kindred the passive souls who bend to evil. We are on the trail of justice and human fellowship, and our compass is the unconquerable power of Good Will.

We may seem to be lost in the valleys of dullness but there are thrills aplenty for our European brothers who prefer prison in peace time to the uneventful servitude of conscription. And the rare students who have revolted against military training in the United States have found an adventure lacking for the crowd. In every land, vast mountains of injustice conceal the realm of our dreams. No trail has yet been blazed to their summits but many bands of pathfinders are on the climb. Most of them jeer at our little compass of Good Will and many jostle us as we grope for our precarious footholds. But we will not return to the valleys of dullness. We know that one by one new pilgrims will join us and the pacifist's trail will grow clearer. But the mountain is vast and promises rich adventure to the very summit.

IS this a figure of empty words? Have pacifists actually found adventure except the suffering of the C. O.? *Malcolm Sparkes,* an English employer, and *Harold Rotzel,* an American who has done his bit on labor's picket line, think they have. Mr. Sparkes was a C. O. who spent three years in an English prison. Writing of his war time adventures, he tells much of the efforts to bring order and coöperation into the building industry and little of the hostility of the fighting patriots and the feel of imprisonment. From various sources, in pea time America, we have assembled half dozen actual incidents or hot situations which courage without violence has s prisingly prevailed. We do not offer th as final proof of anything except that individuals or the groups who keep th heads and play fair and reason with th opponents have shown a power which vites to fresh adventure.

AS a background for scattered experien *Charles A. Ellwood,* one of the ablest ciologists in the country, gives a scholarly a alysis of the rise and function of good w And at the very beginning of the discussi we indulge—we admit it—in a *tu quoq* against those who think pacifism dull. *Merrill Root* and *Stanley High* saw t destruction of the Great War at first ha and they estimate the adventure it offere

Unrelated to this central discussion, v offer our usual departments. A sketch Joshua Lieberman appears in *The Fami Album. The Facts* about the coal strike a its settlement are summarized by Hilm Stephen Raushenbush. Two pages are giv to the world *As We See It,* and one important news items which are *Not in t Headlines.* Coley Taylor comments on th recent *Worth While Plays* on the New Yo stage. We have postponed until April th continuation of the Pamphlet Library whi we promised for this month.

WE must share with our readers two bi of information that have come to since the February number was issued. Th verses entitled *Apostasy* quoted by Eccentr cus in January were written by Bert Braley. And a librarian friend led th little group of readers who told us th the "anonymous cynic" whom we misquote on this page last month was Warren Robert Frost's *The Death of the Man.*

The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Principles of Jesus

Vol. IX. MARCH, 1926 No. 3

Life's Bread and Wine

War as Escape from Dullness

E. MERRILL ROOT

WHY do men after a period of peace, accept and even welcome war? Many of them would admit that war makes the world indeed a City of Dreadful night, a ace of "builded desolation and passionate despair." Their ason agrees with the realist; but some obscure inner neces- y makes them believe that their actual interests are contrary their factual interests. And though they may be wrong what they choose, they are right in what they want.

The man in the street (even the man in Wall Street) cepts war not so much because he is a fool as because his fe is foolish. He wants adventure and poetry; he has a uaint passion for dragons; he feels a divine despair for nicorns; he longs for magic casements opening on the foam. nd then the realistic pacifist offers him the unimpeachable latitude that fiery dragons will set fire to hen-coops; proves ith pomp and circumstance that unicorns (being creatures f the moon, who do not understand "Gee!" and "Haw!") ill not plow a cabbage field; or says that the foam of erilous seas in faery lands forlorn will give him a sore roat!

That is why the realistic pacifist is at once so unanswer- ble and so futile. Almost all men will admit that war is rational; but that is the very reason they feel an obscure nner impulse toward it. If war is irrational, so much the etter; anything to escape the rationality of everyday! You ay warn convicts that they will be chased and shot; but ey often prefer excitement (even with mutilation) to safe nd sane gang-labor. You may keep a boy in the house ithout pictures, books, toys or a dog; tell him to be per- ectly quiet; and assure him that he will kindle red ruin f he plays with the matches; but he usually prefers red uin (even complicated with roast boy) to safe and sane ullness. Man does not live by bread alone, but—as the ymbol of the sacrament tells us—by bread and wine. Bread or prose) is necessary; wine (or poetry) is just as neces- ary. Men sometimes turn to war because they have only alf-rations of the bread; but they often accept war with desperate joy because they have had *no* rations of the wine.

THE real objection to war, of course, is not that it is irrational, but that it is so rational as to be mechanical. It is not a magic casement: it is a barred cell. It is not a unicorn visiting the glimpses of the moon: it is a well-drilled army mule. It is not a conflict with dragons: it is a contest between spectacled high priests of science as to which can first invent the most obliterating gas. Such is the answer of words. But the answer of deeds must be to provide the unicorn, the dragons, the magic casement opening on the foam.

The great wrong of our civilization is its dullness—the dullness of the day-by-day. The great hope of our civilization is the possible romance of the day-by-day. What we need is a world where men can truly enjoy the lilies of the field and the many mansions.

Consider industry. The spirit of man asks for fairyland and is given a factory. We all know the mill: that oblong of red brick, shaking like a dinosaur with appendicitis. Who would not rather go to war (at least until he found that lice, mud, gas, and Big Berthas were just as bad) than to spend his life in a mill? Motor thru a mill-village: the houses are as alike as Fords or muffins. From such a place, a manhole into Hell would seem a magic casement : . . . a tank would seem a unicorn! Or think of Caliban in the coal-mine—

> "Nothing but blackness above,
> And nothing that moves but the cars—
> God, if you wish for our love,
> Fling us a handful of stars!"

One could scarcely blame Caliban if he took star-shells for stars. Or, even worse, think of the clerk in the department store—tending soap or chiffon as anxiously as ants tend their white larvæ. Industry is dull: that is its worst crime. It gives little bread—but it gives no wine. Instead of the lilies of the field fairer than Solomon in all his glory, it gives us the bobbins of the factory, duller than Babbit and all his real-estate. It is not a merry-go-round, but a dreary-go-round. It is as hopeless as the *Looking Glass* jingle

about seven maids with seven mops trying, day after day, to sweep all the sand into the sea. A world of stenographers, five-and-ten clerks, shoe-salesmen, coal-miners, advertising agents, and bobbin boys without leisure or poetry, *must* react from the dullness of their lives by indulging in professional baseball, vice-crusades, Coney Island, cocaine, the Saturday Evening Post, the Movies, the Ku Klux Klan, Billy Sunday, and war—all of which one may call sowing the wild oats of poetry.

The trouble with the industrial civilization "whereunder crawling cooped we live and die" is that it makes existence so dull that we swallow life like a cold pan-cake. Now one should never swallow life like a cold pan-cake: one should take life either as a fairytale or as a nightmare. And, not being able to delude itself into thinking modern life a fairytale, the spirit of man often prefers even the nightmare of war to the cold pan-cake of the day-by-day.

OR consider education. Plato said that education should be a "turning of the eye of the soul toward light." *Our* education turns the eye of the body toward law-offices and Cadillacs . . . . or toward tractors and manure. Education should be a magic casement opening on the foam of that shore where Sir Isaac Newton walked, picking up a shell here, a pebble there, while he listened to the "Mighty waters rolling evermore." It should be a unicorn, carrying us into ultimate lands of poetry where words ring like smitten harp-strings or glow with all the gorgeous glamour of witches' oils. It should make our mind a magic land, over which float Shelley's clouds driven by the wild west wind: a land where Keats' nightingale sings: a land beside which sound the mournful and memorable seas of Conrad: a land into whose sky Hardy rises like a bleak, august mountain hooded with stormy clouds. It should be liberal like the Dervish in the eastern tale—who gave the Prince an ointment which, rubbed upon his eyes, made him see all the hidden treasure and riches of the earth. It should fascinate the mind with "The fairytale of science and the long result of time."

Education should be "liberal" in the most audacious sense of that disfigured term, for it must liberate; it should create not coin but character. And what *does* it do? It scarcely exists. Instead of education, we get paraphernalia: million-dollar dormitories, halls which are too often dormitories in the Latin sense, laboratories—and stadiums. And *inside* we get the tedium of a life that is too feeble to carry the weight of its shell—an Ariel and Hamlet encased in the carapice of a mollusc as big as a dinosaur! We find huge enrollments, monstrous classes, overtasked professors lecturing dully, literalistic and factual mangling of literature by cog-wheels that claim to be men, degrees that are mere recommendations for jobs or certificates of social prestige. Education is a dull department store where you buy science by the yard (or inch), Shelley-chops by the pound, or history by the (very much watered) quart. And in order to make it even more mechanical, you have the drill-master sending all the Robots thru the motions of military training. The whole affair is a factory for the manufacture of intellectual pemmican, of spiritual dried-beef . . . . superintended by foremen who are Ph.D.'s—concerning whom Walter Hendricks has said the final word:

"I think there should be two of me:
A living soul, a Ph.D."

Finally, as a wild and pathetic and hopeless reaction ag all this, you find fraternities, athletics, "college spirit," the hideous hilarities of the "old grads" . . . . in short, get, once more, the wild oats of poetry!

AND when, in addition, the family often seems an i tution for clipping the wings of young eagles; when religion seems a worship of Property, the Fath Respectability, the Son—and Conformity, the un Spirit—who can wonder that daring and imaginative y follows any will-o'-the-wisp or balefire that happens to c the horizon? Alan Seeger thinks war romantic much Gopher Prairie yokel who has never known anything b might gape at a Chautauqua lecturer or a circus calli The shop or office is dull, the school is dull, the home is religion is dull: civilization is endurable only to cigar-s Indians. And so all that is vital in the human spirit i an obscure inner necessity for anything—even for wa which will redeem it from dullness: just as Swinburne, ing the mid-Victorian boredom, wildly (and foolish prayed for a harlot to "come down and redeem us f Virtue."

Moreover, we must add to this dullness our contempo literature of diagnosis—medicinal realism which devotes self (often solemnly) to the antiseptic task of making dullness of things as evident as possible, but seldom g beyond and shows us the Superman and the Arrows Longing—from Mencken on the heights to Masters in gulf—till we get a world where the human mind, know it is an inhabitant of a very mean city . . . . seeing, in words of James Branch Cabell, "the mile-post rather t the goal" . . . . despairs and accepts war, cynically a fatality, or æsthetically as a spectacle.

WE hear much of the unrest, the extravagances, Youth. But with industry (to workman or to c italist) as dull as an existence devoted to sifting ashes, with education as dull as a symposium of fossils, how spirited and daring youth be anything but restless and travagant? As Thoreau said, our only concern should because we are not extravagant *enough!* The only ans to the appealing pseudo-extravagance of war is to show t it is not extravagant, but merely the dull final result of wo ing out our dull contemporary equation; and to provide true extravagance.

What can we do?

"Only that day dawns to which we are awake." The f requisite is to know that we are dissatisfied—and the sec is to know at least the direction whence satisfaction m come. Our slow, creative task is to add the wine of poe to the bread (what there is of it) of prose. Are we ployers? Then we must make our business as human interesting as we can under the present system; and do all that we can to change that system. Are we workm Then we should strive (for our own sakes) to put as m as we can into our work—whether repairing Fords or sell fish; and also use our energies and brains to foster a differ social order. Are we professors? Then we should not "scholars"—clocks (as Nietzsche says) that give ou

dy, dependable ticking . . . . so long as you remember to d them up: rather we should be dynamos of the spirit: ner we should show our students the wonder and spec- e of life as drama—from electron and protozoön up ough Einstein and Shaw to those "beings who are now nt in our thoughts and hidden in our loins . . . . (who) ll stand upon the earth as on a footstool, and shall laugh l reach out their hands amid the stars." Are we students? en we should discover the inner springs of romance, and able—

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild-flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

d in the family, in religion, we should insist upon daring, periment, adventure, till—even in the day-by-day—we r all the horns of elf-land loudly blowing. If we hear horns of elf-land, we shall not listen for the bugles to w battle.

WE must, in short, provide the æsthetic equivalent of war. We must make art and philosophy magic case- nts opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery-lands t are *not* forlorn. We must make science a unicorn to ry us nearer to the heart's desire. We must challenge uth with the real dragons: disease, militarism, igno- nce, capitalism, war, the dullness of the mob. Let us n our letters (and our lives), "Yours for magic case- nts!"

Eugene Debs in Cincinnati

(*June 21st, 1923*)

SAT in a dingy hall dedicated to meetings of the proletariat.
e comfortless wooden benches were packed with poorly dressed men and women,
nourished dreamers of dreams, aggressive hard-muscled young workmen, old men and women with work-worn hands and tired faces.

om the platform a man was speaking to them,
old man, leaning forward,
great gaunt figure, a face deep-lined, still touched with the prison pallor;
t in the fire and force of the voice, in the verve of spirit manifest in gesture and intonation, there was no hint age, or weariness, or prison pain.

e was speaking to them of Love, but not as the preacher preaches of "God's love for man"
nd not of the "love to God" which is the duty and desire proclaimed of the saint;
e was speaking of, he was speaking to, man's love for man.
ve so rare, so faint in a thousand hearts, yes in a thousand thousand,
ntil through the course of the ages it breaks forth with ineffable splendor from the heart of the Great Lover.

mple his words, but spoken in cadences of unimaginable music.

"Comrades, brothers,
They said that the hate of my enemies had shut all the doors of the city against me,
But I was not afraid,
I knew you were waiting for me. . . .
I knew you were waiting for me. . . .
Comrades, friends, be one, be strong, strive on, and on, and on . . . in the hope of a happier world. . . ."

He leaned to them,
(Oh eyes deep with compassion, oh heart infinitely eager to save,
Oh spirit weighted with world sorrow, yet with strength for all, with radiant warmth for all!)

So it was in that dingy stifling gas lit hall
(The gathering place of the City's despised and rejected)
That the Great Lover spoke
To the Beloved.

Then there fell a hush—the silence that is deeper than silence.
And suddenly I saw with my own eyes the miracle of the Transfiguration.
I saw the Love which was the soul of Jesus, I saw Jesus reincarnate,
I saw the Love which was the heart of the gentle savior of ancient Ind, I saw the reincarnate Siddartha.
And not I alone, but the others, all the others, saw also.
For an instant from each uplifted face there flashed the divine mystery of the spirit,
For an instant all were rapt and lost
In the white splendor of the Master's soul.

Oh then my heart melted with worship within me,
Then I wanted to fall upon my face, I wanted to say the words that breathed through the silence: "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

(Oh you who, having shut the doors of your hearts against the need of the many, and the gates of your cities against the love of the few, seek God in temples,
Millions of worshippers kneeling before marble altars agleam through the jewelled dimness of rich cathedrals,
How are your eyes so blind that you cannot see that he whom your lips call upon is not within the shrine?)

MARION CUMMINGS.

THEY said, 'Suppose the country is entering upon a war —where do you stand then? Do you arrogate to yourself the privilege of going your own way in the matter, in the face of the nation?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'that is my position. If I thought it an unrighteous war I would say so. If I were invited to shoulder a musket in that cause and march under that flag, I should decline. I would not voluntarily march under this country's flag, or any other, when it was my private judgment that the country was in the wrong. . . . If I refused to volunteer, I should be called *a traitor, I am well aware of that—but that would not make me a traitor. The unanimous vote of the sixty millions could not make me a traitor. I should still be a patriot and, in my opinion, the only one in the whole country.'"*

—Mark Twain, in his *"Autobiography."*

Great Crusades and Real Things

STANLEY HIGH

AT a second-hand book counter I bought recently, for twenty-five cents, a little volume which has been added to my collection of war relics. It is entitled "Hand to Hand Fighting—A System of Personal Defense for the Soldier." The author was in the employ of a Christian organization at work among the soldiers. The foreword was provided by a member of the "welfare" department of the same organization. I have yet to find a more realistic revelation of the "glory" of war brought down to cases.

There is some similarity, says the welfare worker's foreword, between this system of personal defense and the art of wrestling. But, also, there are differences.

"It should be further emphasized," we read, "that many of the acts barred in clean wrestling are essential parts of the system, and indeed are the most effective means of doing away with an opponent. For instance, the gouging out of a man's eyes or kicking him in the groin would be unheard of in the wrestling game. In this system these are the acts toward which all other things lead. They form the apex and result, if properly applied, in the destruction of the enemy. To this end every hold and combination of holds has as its object the bringing of the opponent into such a position as to enable the aggressor to attack the eyes or the groin" . . .

The chivalry, the gallantry, the Kingdom-of-God idealism of modern war are clearly set forth in the instructions, amply illustrated, that follow. Here are a few of the delicacies by means of which, nine years ago, we were at the job of establishing the brotherhood of man.

"In all head holds use the fingers on the eyes"—this in black face type.

"The chief weapon of attack for the neck is the foot . . . Never give the enemy a chance to recover after he is thrown, but stamp upon the neck with the foot. Don't kick, but jump on it with the full weight of the body.

"Note—The natural tendency is to kick the fallen enemy. This is not quite as effective as the stamp using the body weight."

Graphic illustrations show the system in action. There are precise instructions. For example, under number 6, "Hip Break," we read: "Catch the opponent by the head (using the fingers to gouge out the eyes). Pull the head backward with a snap. Thrust the foot forward, toe turned out, striking the hock of the knee and forcing the knee to the ground. As the knee strikes the ground throw all of your weight on the head and shoulders of the enemy, pushing forward and downward."

Or, number 36, "Neck Stamp Front":

"Jump quickly to the near side of the fallen opponent, shift the body weight momentarily to the leg farthest from the head, springing forward, landing on the neck under the chin with the other foot, keeping the leg stiff and throwing all of the weight onto the stamping foot."

THIS manual, it must be understood, is concerned w war in reality—not in prospect. That's the rea doubtless, that I could buy it for twenty-five cents on an book shelf. War, in reality, gets only grudging atten in times of peace. Almost everyone joins in then to cc over the gulf between the Great Crusade and the F Thing. I remember the protests, some of them rather ef tive, against the showing of "What Price Glory." "W drag in the truth," the patriots asked, "now that the co try is at peace. War, in prospect, is so much more constr tive." And it is a real contribution to the maintenance the institution that we have been able, generation after g eration, to keep alive the glory while we blotted out muck.

It is at this point, too, that the pacifists are at a m serious disadvantage, for pacifists, as yet, have not been a to inject into the movement for peace the evangelical z that inspires the multitude when there is war. All of mechanics of mass psychology, up to now, have been on side of war. The peace movement appears to the man the street—even though he may hate war with a bitter hatr —as an anemic enterprise. In the pride of his own r blood he would as soon be a participant as to play with m pies in Central Park.

SOCIETY, in fact, has always stood in need of its gre adventure and has looked to war—more successfully the past than now—to provide it. Ernest Renan admonish us "to cling to our love of fighting from time to time, b cause war is the necessary occasion and place for manife ing moral force." And there are historical data to suppo the contention that, other forces lacking, war has help to prevent the fatty degeneracy of society.

This was particularly the case "in days of old wh knights were bold" and war was the chivalrous pastin of leisured barons. Fighting was less a thing of eye-gougi than of ribbons and chargers and "spurs of gold." B even this amorous warfare has been pictured to us as a idyll in which all of the faithless are slain and the hero happily wedded. A more likely picture—seldom painted would probably reveal the whole business as only the mo easily idealized feature of a beastly society.

In ancient times, as now, the hell that happens to t average soldier is forgotten in the glowing account of t gallantry of those who are shined and polished. And y the old myth is still defended that human nature, bei changeless, will always involve men in war. It is well remember, however, that this war-making human nature not the human nature of the common people. I have nev heard of the combativeness of the common citizenry of nation, spontaneously and without overhead inciteme stirring a state of war.

The ancient Romans, I suppose, may be properly r garded as a warlike people. The "natural" propensity

t must have been as well developed among them as among people. But it is interesting to know that, even in the e of the Republic, one of the most coveted rewards for ism was exemption from military service. In the time Marius, moreover, conscription had to be given up for rich refused to serve. In Europe, in the Middle Ages, all e men were soldiers. But so little did they relish the iness of fighting that, in the fifteenth century, standing ies had to be created to prevent its complete bankruptcy.

WHEN the human nature argument for war is invoked, it is pertinent to inquire: "Whose human nature?" d it is safe to say that the answer will not be found on farm or in the mine, in the kitchen or at the loom. But modern war is still carefully nurtured behind the lter of these glory myths. I have yet to find a choicer stration of this effort to deck out war in the tattered s of chivalry than the comment of General Eric von dendorff who reflects as well as any individual the entire ge of jingo complexes. Ludendorff, in his memoirs, ates how he participated in the first invasion of Belgium much to the glory of himself, so he says, and the disnfiture of the Belgians. Across the frontier, however, was greatly shocked to discover that—contrary to the r of Ludendorff's dreams—the Belgians were engaging a most harassing civilian resistance. Fighters, in the le of Ludendorff, always wore uniforms. So he writes: 'For my part I had taken the field with chivalrous and mane conceptions of warfare. This franc-tireur warfare s bound to disgust any soldier; it caused me, personally, ter disillusionment."

General Ludendorff's disillusionment, doubtless, was not ious. But when, periodically, the ancient shibboleths are tted out, it is interesting to recall the fact that the record those who went out and came back and sought to think whole thing through has been—with few exceptions—a ord of complete disillusion. Post war literature is not account of the realization of those ideals that held the rld's youth spell-bound in the early days of the struggle. is a sodden, depressing portrayal of the blasting of those eals.

The disenchantment with the Real Thing may be expected last about one generation. In two decades, however, it is most always safe to go back to the old exaltation of the ass and the braid and the blare. And in three decades, rhaps, a new crop of youth will have grown to arms-aring age, for whom the last war will have been rid of stench and a new war made to appear—as all wars in is day of high idealism must be made to appear—as a eat emprise for the purification of the earth.

T is in this interim period that the foes of war will have to win their fight against it. And that fight, I think, ould be much less one of opposition than of substitution. cial institutions—particularly the church—should be able provide spiritual adventure of a real enough sort to rob ar of its appeal. But unfortunately the leadership has en lacking to bring about this transfer of war's dynamic. he Quakers seem to be about the only social group that is le to find heroism for the most virile in its peace time undertakings. It is probably true that the war problem would be solved if the Christian churches dared to enforce, as their test of membership, the standards of relationship outlined in the Sermon on the Mount. Society then might find ample opportunity for heroics without war.

In the meantime war probably will be regarded as a necessary spiritual vent. Certainly in the eyes of the men who went out in August, 1914, there was something of "the light that never was on sea or land." On both sides of the line the war was a spiritual experience. Clerks and professors and cockneys, alike, partook of a fellowship that for the moment destroyed, utterly, the drab world from which they came out and lifted them all into a glimpse of ultimate reality. It is a rich heritage that the spirit of those days was recorded for us by Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger and Donald Hankey who did not glorify the war, but revealed that there are depths in the souls of men not stirred by life's routines.

But to those who came through the whole of it, this first vision was sadly dimmed. Some way or other the war did not turn out as wars had been pictured to turn out, and at the end there was a sudden realization of the great gulf fixed between the world for which they fought and the world that finally resulted from their fighting.

In one of the real epics of that period Lucien Price tells the story of a young artist who "had the seeds of genius, but Capitalism had made him a machine gunner." The glory of modern war is pretty well summed up in this last conversation before the artist went, finally, to the front:

"In the brown-owl hut beside the Merrimac that summer day in 1917 he remarked in a tone of indulgent irony:

" 'The "military experts" have found a nice, polite term for men killed or too badly maimed to fight any more.'

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'Wastage.' "

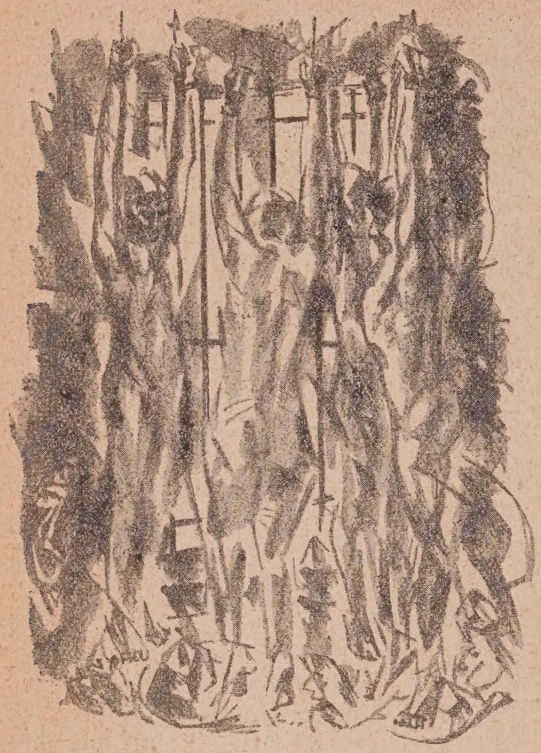
What Is War?

MODERN war is a form of force but it should be clearly distinguished from many other forms of force which are not the same as war. The method of modern war destroys property and human life wholesale and without discrimination between innocent and guilty persons. Here it differs markedly from the exercise of police power. It differs also in that it is anarchic force not subject to the authority and restraints of law, in that it cannot be used to reform or redeem the persons against whom it is employed, in that it necessitates the upkeep of national armies, navies and air forces which compete in arming against each other—as police forces never do—in that it also involves conscription of the individual conscience and a nation-wide propaganda of lies, fear and hate. These sins and immoralities are inherent in the process of modern war irrespective of whether it be a war of aggression or defense. War as our generation has seen it is kindred in some ways to war in the past, but it is different in its employment of twentieth century science which for the first time in history gives it tools destructive enough to wipe out whole peoples and seriously to menace the vitality of the human race.

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

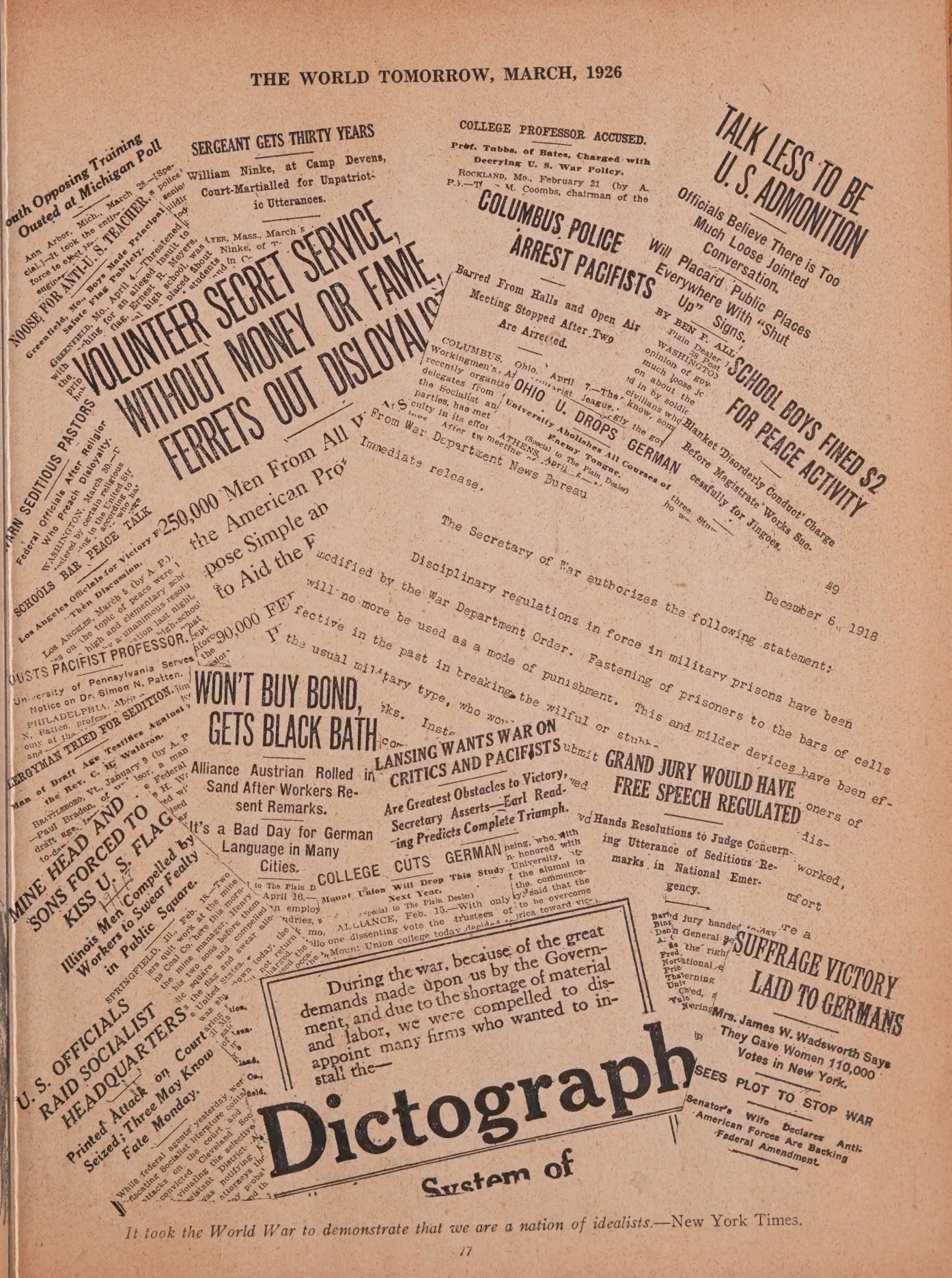
War Resisters in Leavenworth Penitentiary

Drawn, as Witnessed, by
MAURICE BECKER



With their wrists in irons and their arms extended, conscientious objectors were forced to stand for nine hours at a time when they refused to work, as a protest against brutal treatment of fellow prisoners. For having rescued a drowning person at great risk, one of these "slackers" while thus manacled, was granted a Carnegie medal for heroism.

Stringing men up by the neck for a short time and playing cold water over them was one of the means employed to break the spirit of the "C. O.'s" who would not go to war against their fellowmen. Through "underground" communication with friends outside, a feat attended by grave risk, the more venturesome objectors set in motion publicity which brought abandonment of the worst brutalities in most of the penal institutions where war resisters were confined.



SERGEANT GETS THIRTY YEARS

William Ninke, at Camp Devens, Court-Martialled for Unpatriotic Utterances.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR ACCUSED.

Prof. Tubbs, of Bates, Charged with Decrying U. S. War Policy.

TALK LESS TO BE U. S. ADMONITION

Officials Believe There is Too Much Loose Jointed Conversation.

Will Placard Public Places Everywhere With "Shut Up" Signs.

COLUMBUS POLICE ARREST PACIFISTS

Barred From Halls and Open Air Meeting Stopped After Two Are Arrested.

SCHOOL BOYS FINED $2 FOR PEACE ACTIVITY

Blanket 'Disorderly Conduct' Charge Before Magistrate Works Successfully for Jingoes.

VOLUNTEER SECRET SERVICE, WITHOUT MONEY OR FAME, FERRETS OUT DISLOYALISTS

250,000 Men From All V... the American Pro... Pose Simple an... to Aid the F...

90,000 FE...

WON'T BUY BOND, GETS BLACK BATH

Alliance Austrian Rolled in Sand After Workers Resent Remarks.

It's a Bad Day for German Language in Many Cities.

LANSING WANTS WAR ON CRITICS AND PACIFISTS

Are Greatest Obstacles to Victory, Secretary Asserts—Earl Reading Predicts Complete Triumph.

GRAND JURY WOULD HAVE FREE SPEECH REGULATED

Hands Resolutions to Judge Concerning Utterance of Seditious Remarks in National Emergency.

COLLEGE CUTS GERMAN

Must Union Will Drop This Study Next Year.

SUFFRAGE VICTORY LAID TO GERMANS

Mrs. James W. Wadsworth Says They Gave Women 110,000 Votes in New York.

SEES PLOT TO STOP WAR

Senator's Wife Declares Anti-American Forces Are Backing Federal Amendment.

U. S. OFFICIALS RAID SOCIALIST HEADQUARTERS

Printed Attack on Court Seized; Three May Know Fate Monday.

MINE HEAD AND SONS FORCED TO KISS U. S. FLAG

Illinois Men Compelled by Workers to Swear Fealty in Public Square.

SCHOOLS BAR PEACE TALK

Los Angeles Officials for Victory Talk Discussion.

DUSTS PACIFIST PROFESSOR.

CLERGYMAN TRIED FOR SEDITION.

Man of Draft Age Testifies Against the Rev. C. H. Waldron.

OUTH OPPOSING TRAINING OUSTED AT MICHIGAN POLL

NOOSE FOR ANTI-U. S. TEACHER.

Greenfield, Mo., Boys Made Pilachal Salute Flag Publicly.

ARN SEDITIOUS PASTORS

Federal Officials After Religior Who Preach Disloyalty.

During the war, because of the great demands made upon us by the Government, and due to the shortage of material and labor, we were compelled to disappoint many firms who wanted to install the—

Dictograph

System of

It took the World War to demonstrate that we are a nation of idealists.—New York Times.

A Pacifist Adventure in War Time

MALCOLM SPARKES

THE word Pacifist has really had a most unfortunate career. In common speech it has come to mean very little more than a person who strongly objects to war; and holds that international disputes ought to be settled without violence. It would, I think, be difficult to imagine a more negative and sterile conception. Even if we translate the word into plain English and say "Peacemaker" we are not much better off. The Peacemaker has come to mean the man who mediates in a quarrel—tries to reconcile the disputing parties by suggesting compromises and adjustments between the two sides. His very existence seems to presuppose disputes and any suggestion that his main work is creative and has nothing to do with disputes at all, is very rarely heard.

Jesus said "Blessed are the Peacemakers for it is they who will be recognized as sons of God." I feel sure that in his mind the Peacemaker was literally a maker of peace and not merely a moderator of discord—a strenuous creator of plans so splendid that peace must follow as day follows night. There are hundreds of such peacemakers but until we restore the word to its true significance many of them might hesitate even to call themselves Pacifists. There are, moreover, many avenues of advance that have not been sufficiently explored, and in the hope that my own experience may be of some help to others who are working along similar lines, I am going to relate briefly the story of an adventure that came to some of us in England during those terrible years of war.

Let me carry my reader back to the summer of 1914, when only the outbreak of the great war itself sufficed to put an end to the devastating industrial dispute that had paralyzed the London building trade for nearly half a year. In those days, I was an employer in the building industry and the twin phenomena of the strike and the war set me thinking. I came to realize, rather slowly perhaps, that the roots of war itself lie deep down in the industrial system, and further, that the people who could put that system right, far more quickly and efficiently than anyone else, were the people who carried it on. Certain things that must be done could in the circumstances be done by organized capitalists and no one else. Other things, by organized labor and by no one else. Why not therefore sit down, industry by industry, and do them? Now it seems almost incredible, but this simple notion literally had never been tried. In no single industry was there any machinery for constructive reorganization—nothing but a few conciliation boards for dealing with disputes. Employers and employed never met except to make demands of one another. Every proposal was misrepresented, every forward move by either party was opposed on principle as if it were a tactical step in a great strategic struggle for mastery. The whole life of the nation was permeated with sectional habits of thought and action and the normal position in the world of industry could only be described as one of suppressed war.

GRADUALLY a plan began to take shape in my I discussed it with several people, but the whole tion seemed so difficult that no hopeful line of advanc peared to be practicable. The big strike had been pa up, the Great War was the dominant issue and there rumors of conscription. A year went by and then sud circumstances forced my hand. In February, 1916 Building Trade Unions again gave notice to terminate a ments and presented a long list of new demands. Here clearly the prelude to another futile struggle and I de that the psychological moment had come. I felt sure unless I could secure the overwhelming support of Unions, my plan would be checkmated from the start. proposal by an Employers' Association or Government partment, no matter how good in itself, would be n terpreted. It would be regarded by labor critics eith a sign of weakness or as some subtle form of treac Trade unions would be warned to have nothing to do it and the whole thing would be sidetracked. But my difficulty was that I was myself an employer and, more one who only a year before had been engaged in a struggle with the very Unions I now desired to appr Was it even remotely possible that such a formidable rier of hostility and suspicion could be broken? Could a record as mine carry any assurance of my bona fides

I resolved to try. In March, 1916, I wrote to the Lo District Secretary of the Carpenters and Joiners, the l of my opponents in the recent trade dispute, and sketche my scheme. I proposed that the Trade Unions in the B ing Industry should invite the Building Trade Employe coöperate with them in setting up an industrial parlia for the industry, composed of an equal number of r sentatives of employers' associations and trade un Its objects were defined thus:

> "To promote the continuous and progressive improvement of the Industry, to realize its organic unity as a great National Service and to advance the well-being and status of all connected with it."

Its function was to be constructive and nothing but structive and the discussion or settlement of disputes *absolutely excluded from its scope.* (For this purpose ciliation boards already existed.) It was this plan of cluding disputes and concentrating upon constructive organization that differentiated my proposal from e other that I had seen. They had industrial peace for objective. Here it became the natural by-product of a greater thing, the organized development of Industr Public Service.

The assembly was to be a clearing house for ideas instrument for scientific industrial revolution by con a place where immature plans could be presented for dis sion on their merits without any demand or threat of p ties for non-compliance, and hammered into practical s by the united brain power of the men who would hav work them if adopted. Its program was very wide

uded the regularization of wage rates, the reduction of mployment, the organization of unemployment pay, the loyment of partially disabled soldiers, technical training research, scientific management and finally the whole stion of industrial control. Such was the gist of my r. The Works Foreman and others to whom I showed ere interested but frankly skeptical. "It's no use," they l, "the hostility and suspicion are too strong and you will rely be told to mind your own business."

THEY were all wrong, gloriously wrong. Within a week I had an enthusiastic answer from the secretary of the penters. In less than a month I was invited to attend a ference of their national executive. At this meeting I lized that a miracle had happened. I went there prepared a cautious cross-examination. I was welcomed with open s as a comrade by men who had hitherto regarded me as opponent. The barriers which so many had thought to impregnable were down for the first time in my experie. "If the Building Trade Unions decide to adopt this eme," said Mr. A. G. Cameron in moving the resolution, ey will make a name for themselves that will be second none in the industrial history of this country."

And his words came true. At an important conference months later that plan was adopted by the twelve prinal Trade Unions of the Industry and a small committee s set up to prepare a memorandum for the Employers' deration.

At this point, however, there were two interesting developnts. The widespread Trade Union approval of the plan racted the attention of the newly appointed Government mmittee on Industrial Reconstruction After the War, d I was asked by its Chairman, Mr. J. H. Whitley (now e Speaker of the House of Commons), to prepare for him special memorandum on the subject. Meanwhile the War fice had called me to the colors as a conscript soldier. nvinced as a lifelong Quaker that war, no matter how gh its motives, was utterly wrong, I had already informed y local military tribunal that I could take no part in war rvice either in person or by proxy. I had refused to accept r profits, had declined the protection of a war service dge as Works Manager, and resigned my position when e Works became a controlled establishment.

WANTED by the army and with my income abruptly cut off, I realized that I must make good use of the xt few weeks if the plan on which I had set my heart was ally to be launched. I began to play for time. I appealed ainst the decisions of my military tribunal and in the terval pushed on with my work on the Union memorandum r the Employers. Mr. Whitley's request was also of great sistance to me. The Secretary of the Government Comittee, when he learned that my arrest was imminent, enavored to get me a special exemption in order that I might ve time to comply with their request. The military auorities, however, were inflexible and rejected every appeal. Ieanwhile the memorandum of the twelve Trade Unions as finished and the printer's proofs were passed. Even en the leaders were doubtful if the Employers would ever ok at it. They would only print 400 copies.

While this was going forward I got to work on my statement for the Government Committee. Half way through this the police called at my house to arrest me as a deserter. In desperation I showed them the Committee's letter and asked them to refer back for further instructions. The undoubted authenticity of this document impressed them and gained me a respite of nearly a month. On the 17th of January, 1917, the Trade Unions officially launched the plan in a letter to the Employers' Federation. They had put their hands to the plow and could not turn back. Eleven days later I passed the final proofs of my memorandum for Mr. Whitley. The next day I was arrested and brought before a magistrate who fined me £2 and handed me over to the military authorities. I refused to serve and was sentenced by court martial at Portsmouth to two years' hard labor.

In the guard room, whilst awaiting my escort for the journey to prison I was greatly cheered by a visit from two local carpenters at the request of their headquarters, a gesture of real friendship that I shall never forget, and a cordial letter from Mr. Whitley thanking me for my memorandum which had reached him safely. Looking back at this adventure I think now that it was well that I was locked up just at this point, although at the time it seemed so stupid. Had I remained free it is almost certain that the trade unions would have relied on me for help in which I might easily have failed. As it was they had to carry the whole thing through themselves, and splendidly they did it. Their memorandum ran through three editions, so keen was the employers' demand for it, and at no single stage was the issue ever in doubt. In March, 1917, exactly one year from the date of my first letter, the interim Report of the Government Committee on Joint Standing Industrial Councils (CD8606), widely known as the Whitley Report, was issued to the public. It revealed at every turn the influence of the Builders' plan, but expressed in soberly official language. Where the Builders' memorandum called for "A new and better industrial order," the Whitley Report was content with "A permanent improvement in relations between Employers and Workmen." There is really more than a verbal difference here. The former, rightly understood, means constructive revolution: the latter was widely rejected as mere lubrication.

I am disposed to believe that in this vital difference of aim, together with the unfortuntae inclusion of disputes within the scope of Whitley Councils, we shall find the reason why the Whitley scheme did not achieve as much as the Government hoped for when they made it the keystone of their industrial policy. It was, however, a most constructive document, and has since been carefully studied by every industrial nation in the world.

BUT to return to our story. The Building Trade Parliament was officially opened on May 20th, 1918, when I had been fifteen months in prison. It was supported by twenty-two trade unions, seventeen employers' associations and attended by three Ministers of the Crown. When I finished my sentence nearly a year later, they set me free and I had the wonderful privilege of serving on one of its committees. In the four years of its strenuous existence it did a tremendous work. Wage rates were stabilized throughout the country, backward districts securing advances that could certainly have been gained in no other way. Safety regulations were introduced and enforced by Government

order. Great educational schemes were developed and many far-reaching plans were made. According to a well-known labor writer it changed the whole temper of the Building Industry.

When it finally broke up through misunderstandings, there were many of its members who deplored its end, and already there is talk of its revival. I believe that it struck the trail and that it is only along some such lines as these that we shall finally be able to rebuild our industrial life in a form that will appeal to our best instincts and develop the team spirit. The real Peacemaker is the one who *causes* peace. That is the glory of Pacifism.

"I Have Killed"

The following article appeared in a French paper called La Voix des Femmes *some months ago and was translated and reprinted in the bulletin of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. It is, says* La Voix des Femmes, *a true story.*

NOW that the war is over, tragic little stories are coming to light that were suppressed during the days of struggle. On June 19th, 1915, the Belgian aviator "Marcel" was killed. The newspaper announcement was merely:

> "The aviator Marcel was killed yesterday during an aerial engagement. This young hero was at the beginning of his career and had already one victory to his credit."

But when the aeroplane which carried Marcel crashed to the ground a diary dropped from his pocket. By chance this diary fell into the hands of a friend. Now that the war is over we are permitted to read the diary which reveals the heart of the boy Marcel.

"My conscience is like a sea torn by the tempest. If I could confess it would relieve me, but to whom? I do not believe the priest could bring peace to my soul. A friend? I have none left. My Mother could console me but she is so far away, very far away, right behind the curtain of fire which separates us. No one here would understand; those I live amongst are indifferent and await death laughing.

"I listen to the voice of my conscience and I write what it dictates; that will perhaps console me.

"My conscience is rudely shaken. It screams a thousand things at once. Shall I try to suppress its cries of anger, its complaints and its moments of forgiveness? That would be impossible; let us try rather to understand the incessant murmur which reproaches me.

"One cry incessantly dominates: 'You have killed! You have killed! You have killed!' Yes, I know it, you all know it, everybody knows it. I have killed!

"There in big letters in the newspaper:

> "'One of the youngest Belgian aviators, Marcel, gained his first victory this morning by bringing down the aeroplane of the German pilot, Lieutenant Von Wier.'

"You see nobody is ignorant of it: I have killed!

"You say you do not understand my scruples; what shall I say to make you understand, you man in the street? You did not see this man I killed. I saw him. No, I saw a heap of torn flesh, crushed bones, a chest pierced with holes, a battered skull. I saw what had been a man, what been an admirable thing which nature had taken so thousands of years to perfect. I saw a torn body, man. And this wonder that nature had slowly and pat chiseled, I have destroyed, I, and what have I made of a mass of corruption, of corruption, do you hear?

"That brain which thought, what is it now? And beating heart, what of it? Do you understand now the tempest shakes my conscience? No, you do not u stand! You say to yourself: 'One of the two had to better the other, he was an enemy.' You do not unders nor do I. My brain is shaken by the tempest.

"Nevertheless reflect: Back there beyond the curta fire, there is a mother who cries, a wife who suffers, chi who play. But one day they will understand and h will be in their hearts. They will want to take reveng their father's death and they will kill our sons, and wa cover the earth with its horrors forever. Do you u stand? Has the tempest reached your hearts, O Mot

"Remember Jesus, the teacher; he said 'Love one other!'

"The tempest rends my heart. Do you understand? not understand. Jesus, the teacher, said: 'Forgive Lord, for they know not what they do.'"

1917-1919

THEN the storm's white-hot bayonets gashed the r
Or the high, branchéd lightnings seemed to crash
Like trees felled on a nightmare's hills; one flash
Struck—a sharp, burning splinter—into my brain.
Madmen swung sword-blades thru the sky, slash, s

The night was full of monstrous fluttering
Hell's fireflies: thru the spasms of the sky,
Tangled in nets of lead, they tried to fly.
Night shook and flared with bombs that fiends might
From massed, low-flying zeppelins of the sky.

Glare lit old mountain walls whose corniced snow
Like beams of condemned buildings cracked and cu
The earth was wracked by moron Gods, who hurle
Their livid picks and levers blow on blow:
Wreckers who plied their trade upon my world.

And when at last Dawn came, at last, at last,
'Twas a squat idiot murderer daubed with blood,
Wiping red hands upon a world of mud;
The very Sun was an iconoclast——
A red-hot skull, a dark Hell's poppy-bud!

E. MERRILL Roc

LOVE knows no bounds and conquers all witho exception. It melts the stoniest hearts. It know no self. Who knows that unconsciously, even to m self, there is no anger or ill-will lurking in me? But must not flinch. I must conquer myself, and in th process heal the breaches I see in our midst. Pray tha I may have the strength to do so.—M. K. GANDI replying to the address voted in his honor by the Bon bay Municipal Corporation.

Pacifism in the Labor Field

HAROLD ROTZEL

IT is safe to say that what Jesus taught about love and good-will as "the way of life"—the way to the good life—has never been so thoroughly nor so practically onsidered by so many people as in the debate on Pacifm which has been going on since the end of the war. uring the dark war days many of us suffered doubting notions. Intellectually we were convinced that as conientious objectors we were making a significant social ontribution. But we felt deeply the separation from e conscientious supporters of the war. The close of e war removed this emotional tension between the nscientious objector and the conscientious warrior and once the real debate was on.

Now this debate is primarily a discussion of pacifism s applied to war. Men's decisions were based on the nditions of war and men's decisions now are being ade on the possibility of future wars. And yet on the ce of it, this seems to be such a negative attitude, that om the war days to the present time, there seems to ve been an inner urge on the part of most pacifists get their pacifist principles applied to something more sitive and constructive. There is little question but at this urge has been a good thing for the pacifist dividually. There is a serious question whether it has en a good thing for pacifism as such. For instance it entirely honest for us to claim for pacifism the conructive efforts which sincere men, both pacifist and on-pacifist, have been making to outlaw war? Pernally I do not feel the necessity of claiming that pacifm is constructive in this sense. To my mind pacifism strong and constructive, as is the religion of Jesus, ot in the sense of its power to put across so-called conructive measures, but in its possession of ideas which re eternally right and of a loyalty to such ideas which ltimately compels all sincere men to consider them upon heir merits.

EXPERIENCE has shown that this applying of pacifist principles to "constructive" peace-time activities is ne of the most difficult things in the world to do. In he war field we now have the experience and first-hand nowledge necessary for significant decision upon the neans to be used for a given end. In most other fields ve do not yet have this social experience. Peace-time probems are, mainly, in another stage of development, where onsideration of the ends and aims of the movement s more under discussion than is the consideration of the neans by which these ends are to be attained. In other words the question of the use of good-will as against ll-will and violence is not, now at least, in the center f our attention as we consider these other social probems. There are several exceptions to this such as the trike and the proletarian revolution which we will have o consider, but we may find that even with these the eart of the matter is not to be found in a decision between the use of good-will and the use of violence with its inevitable ill-will.

AS a means of introduction to the more complicated industrial field, let us consider the less controversial field of education. We constantly allude to this field as one for the application of our principles. Take it in its broadest sense as applying not only to children but to all minorities, criminal and radical. Isn't the big problem the proper analysis of the human material with which we are dealing? And this analysis of course depends largely upon the ideas and ideals which the educator holds as to the nature and ends of society. Here is where the educational battle must be fought. Here we meet the military-minded people who claim that a military regime is desirable for a school of young people and for a prison of criminals. And we need to point out that what such people really argue is not that the principle of force applied in education will draw out the best in people, but that real self-developing education is hopeless for the mass of folks and the only thing to do is to make robots (mechanical workers who do not think or have emotions). We must also meet the problem of Willie's persistent lying and the more serious duplicity of many from diverse social groups in pursuit of their class or individual goals. And there is ill-will aplenty among judges, and jailers. But these factors are not central in the educational field. Such habits are not thought of as worthy in the sense that the duplicity and ill-will of war are thought worthy.

We recognize that restraint must be used with wayward youth and with the arrogant criminal, but we know that the more adequate the educational work of society the less will be the need of this forceful restraint. There is work here for the pacifist, but it is not primarily for the pacifist. It is primarily for the sincere expert educator. And the point to remember is that the expert educator may or may not be a pacifist in the general acceptation of the term. If this is the case, just how significant is it to use the term pacifist in connection with the educational problem?

IF now we keep this view of the relation of pacifism to education in mind it may be the means of getting a significant point of view from which to consider the relation of pacifism to the labor problem. Popularly speaking the labor problem is thought of as the struggle between Capital and Labor, as the class struggle, or as the proletarian revolution. These names as well as the term "strike" constantly used in the struggle, suggest not only strife and ill-will but also an assumption that the ends and aims of the movement are settled, and that the chief question now is the means whereby these ends may be attained. There is no doubt but that there are some people for whom this statement is substantially

correct, but for the labor movement as a whole, it is essentially untrue. The labor movement has made up its mind neither as to the final ends nor as to the final means. The labor movement is no more pacifist in its attitude than the country as a whole. In so far as it is well-informed it is probably less militaristic. Fundamentally it is neither one or the other. Like all indigenous movements of the common people, it inevitably partakes of the nature of the common man. It has wonderful capacity for the expression of good-will if intelligently led and intelligently opposed. It has just as great capacity for ill-will and violence if unintelligently led and unintelligently opposed.

The fundamental social problem involved is: shall we progressively solve the problem thru intelligent understanding of the human factors involved or shall we blunderingly maneuver society into a position where we will be forced to fight our way out with our fists? If we do thus fumble the whole problem, the time will shortly arrive when all men of good-will will have to decide whether they will take the pacifist position in the struggle. And some say that we should make this decision now and proclaim it to the world as Fosdick and Eddy have done. To make such a proclamation is quite simple. To go into the movement, become a part of it and still to keep apart from all activities the ultimate implication of which may be untrue to our principles, is quite another thing. It isn't a question of whether the principles are right but it is often a question of whether the most significant thing in any given situation is to hammer those principles. In the international field we as pacifists have come to the conclusion that whatever the situation, no matter how badly our international relations have been bungled, the most significant thing to do is to emphasize the fact that war is the worst way out. Many believe that this is the simple and important thing to do in the industrial field.

Suppose we consider briefly just what a young pacifist adventurer meets as he rides valiantly into the industrial field.

A STRIKE in one of the great industries is the dramatic opportunity which usually lies open to our knights. And no one who has not experienced it can know of the inner satisfaction of the C. O. knight as his motor responses are released and he throws himself or herself into the struggle for justice for the oppressed. At first he rushes back and forth between his pacifist group and his industrial comrades spreading pacifist propaganda among his industrial friends and making industrial propaganda among his pacifist friends. As he becomes absorbed in the details of the industrial struggle, however, his eyes open to a great many things. He finds that his industrial comrades applaud his war record because they feel that at present the workingman has always to pay for wars both in blood and money. They applaud his pacifism in the strike because it is a wise and helpful strategy. But this does not mean that they would take such a position if the proletarian revolution were upon them. This is for them purely an academic question. And they are not deciding on academic questions. They are prosecuting a strike and do not pro to let controversial questions disrupt the morale o strikers. Our knight sees the point and his good s approves. He knows that the quickest way to himself with his fellows is to insist on academic high-brow stuff when the soup kitchens need bread beef. He digs in for the bread and beef. He rejoic all the evidences of good-will which he finds nume He is especially happy to find that there is little ill against the mill people; the most of the ill-will is ag the system of which they are a part. Of course if is any rough stuff about it is carefully kept from young idealist. It is wiser that he should not know. is a more effective advocate ignorant of all such th During the strike at least one of his chief assets to strikers is his reputation as a pacifist. It gives the rect slant to publicity.

I NEED not mention anything further to indicate if our crusader continues with his industrial frie he must grow conscious of a situation which is complex and perplexing. Situations constantly aris which he is startled to realize that he has a divided One self is a pacifist crusader, the other is a labor lea The thing isn't quite tangible at first. There is ju sort of uneasiness as two points of view pop into when confronted with a problem. If some clear dram situation would arise where the issue were clear, easy it would all be. It doesn't usually work out way. But the ferment is there and sooner or late will work itself out and he will be faced with two alte tives.

If he takes one alternative he will want to call industrial comrades together and speak to them so thing as follows:—"Look here. I'm a pacifist crusa I came to you as such and have given you my serv as such. I have been scouring the country for beef bread for the soup kitchens and helping all I could your organization because I believe wholeheartedly the justice of your cause and because you have condu it in good spirit and without violence. But the fac that I have come to know and to know that you k that I know that you are not primarily interested pacifism. I know that many of you feel that in cer emergencies you would find it necessary to use vic methods. But more important than that I know practically all of you feel that it isn't the business your organization to take a position on a matter wh is controversial and at the present time purely acade I respect your position and I think I understand it, feeling as I do upon this great issue, I do not care continue to identify myself further with your organ tion. I hope that my services to you will be recogn by giving me opportunities to conduct propaga among your members for peaceable revolution only."

If he takes the other alternative, he will want to his pacifist friends together and unburden himself so thing like this:—"I've sort of a confession to ma Thus far in my industrial activities I have beer thoroughgoing pacifist. I have helped my indust comrades as such and they have responded as well a

uld expect. Their idealism, I believe, is attested by sincere action as yours. But they are not as free as u are to choose their activity. They must perforce ntinue in the work of modern industry under condi- ns which you as well as they admit to be unjust. They e bound by the circumstances of the case to wage a nstant struggle against these conditions. And the npardonable sin of the working class is to profit by the ruggles of others without doing one's part. I am not aying that individuals cannot come out from the labor ovement as you have come out from your environment make what you believe to be the supreme fight against l-will and violence. But I do say that to ask them to o this is to ask of them more than you have asked of ourselves. They know and I know and we each know hat the other knows that the labor movement is not rimarily a pacifist movement. We all know that it may evelop into a violent struggle at some time even in this ountry. On the other hand I am confident that at the resent time the labor movement here isn't opposed to ur belief in love and good-will as an ideal and as a ope. My industrial comrades wish me to stay and work with them. I have decided to do so. I hereby resign my position as pacifist crusader as this work can no longer be my first responsibility. I am still determined to take the position of a C. O. in the labor movement, if the issue of a violent class war is ever clearly drawn, but I hope that this time may never come. I hope that by this action I may be enabled to do more effective work for our cause, tho of this I cannot be certain in my own mind. But come what may, this step now seems best to me and I am frankly taking it knowing full well the possible consequences."

IN my adventure I took the second alternative and now I am exploiting hens for a living. There are three possible reasons for the outcome of my adventures. It may be that my talents were not well adapted to the work of the labor movement. It may be that I became a tired radical and succumbed to a congenital love of the soil. It may be that my decision never satisfied my inner self. Only a 100% psychoanalyst could tell which one of these reasons or what combination of them is responsible for the present result.

When Cool Courage Wins

Brief Stories of Pacifism in Practise

A Negro's Story

"JUST before we entered the World War a friend of mine who was a minister asked me to come and help him in a revival, saying that while I was not a preacher he thought that I might still be able to help him. I happened to use various words and phrases drawn from military life and operations. Some white boys who happened to be riding near the church stopped and listened a few minutes and then hastened away to spread the news that I was urging the Negroes to 'rise up and fight the white people.' The next day half a hundred men rode up to the church door and called for me. The leader in a harsh voice ordered me to get in the center. The others closed around me; one threw a rope over my head and drew the noose, and down the road we went . . . to a place free from trees, save one with a stout, jagged branch reaching out from it. Under this branch had been piled wood, branches, and fagots, and around the pile was a sea of stern faces, while riders on horses and mules kept coming in an unending stream. A horrible yell rent the air and two or three young boys climbed the tree ready to catch the rope. I was picked up bodily and thrown on the top of the pile of wood, while another roar of noise went up from every throat. Meanwhile I could hear the cocking and priming of guns and revolvers, and from various parts of the crowd random shots had begun to be fired.

"Then a strange thing happened. One man jumped to the side of the log heap and, waving his hat for silence, demanded that I make a speech. With a prayer for help I did speak; I spoke as I had never spoken before about the life in our Southland and of what we should all do to make it better. I told stories that made the crowd laugh; I explained what I had really said the night before; I referred to different white men in the South with whom I had had helpful dealing. . . . Then an aged man wearing a Confederate button pushed his way through the crowd and waving his hand for silence, said, 'I know those men, they're all right folks; this must be a good darky.' Turning to me, he grasped my hand—'Come on down, boy,' he said, as he pulled me to him and took the rope from around my neck; then others reached out and shook hands with me. God had delivered. Some on the edge of the crowd were muttering, for they felt they had been cheated out of their fun, but the majority seemed to be with me. Then some one shouted, 'Let's take up a collection for the Parson'; and several began passing hats. Some actually threw money at me. Some asked, 'When are you going to preach again, Parson? We want to be there.' The collection finally amounted to fifty dollars.

"Then one man let me have the use of his horse, he took another and together we rode back to the church."

—From *Piney Woods and Its Story,* by Laurence C. Jones.
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"Strike and Pray"

Henryetta, Okla., August 15, 1925.

THE winning over of 80 strikebreakers to the union by the expedient of praying for their salvation at the entry of the mines has been so disastrous that the mine operators have induced Sheriff John Russell of Okmulgee county to issue a proclamation ordering the cessation of all prayer meetings and religious procedure by the picketing miners and their wives and children.

Disregarding the sheriff's orders two union miners persisted in praying and singing and were forced to continue their prayer meeting in the Okmulgee county jail. No charges were filed and the county attorney is up a stump as to what sort of a misdemeanor this singing of hymns at a pit mouth constitutes.

National guardsmen are on duty, but they can't keep comfortable due to the patriotic frenzy of the religious picketers who insist on singing the Star Spangled Banner at regular intervals compelling the troops to snap to attention and the young lieutenant to jump to a rigid salute.

Officials of the miners' union say the religious revival will be continued all summer, if the operators and non-union workers refuse to be saved.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Feb. 6, 1926.

Nearly nine months have passed since the miners of District 21 went on strike, and the court records of the district show a marked decrease in "crimes of violence" as compared with normal times. All told there have been but two cases of violence involving the strikers to reach the court. One of these was an ordinary fist fight which the judge dismissed on hearing the evidence. The other was a case early in the strike in which both striker and strike breaker accused of fighting were given a small fine.

Non-violent means have certainly been vindicated in the southwest strike. But win or lose, the southwest miners face an uphill battle. Oklahoma coal is expensive to mine, its quality is inferior to that of West Virginia and Colorado. With the introduction of modern mining methods in the larger fields the outlying districts such as Number 21 can hardly expect any permanent prosperity.

Ruling Out the Rough Stuff

X———, for twenty years a labor organizer, said one evening: "We put our city on the map in the Great Strike of 19——. We tied the town up tight for five months. The manufacturers don't want another." And then he quoted the strike leader who, with head knobby from policemen's clubs, had said to him after it was all over: "X———, we are only just beginning to learn how to fight. I used to think this violence stuff was pretty near right, but I've learned better. It's enough of a blow to the bosses, just to fold our arms and wait until they concede the right of labor to bargain collectively for decent hours, fair wages and good working conditions."

X——— continued: "We of the I. W. W. tried out sabotage in the early days but do you know," with a quizzical little smile, "the workers couldn't go it. There's something too fine about human nature as a whole, to stand for that sort of thing. In spite of all their grievances they couldn't bring themselves to hit back that way. Time was when the rough stuff prevailed. I've known dye shop strikers to seize heavy clubs from the vats and wreck thousands of dollars worth of machines. In our recent strike," he concluded, "we ruled it out altogether, though of course there were here and there a few fist fights and just an occasional 'beating up' from a racial element that is dead sure you can pound unionism into a man. It isn't true! They'll get back at you the very first chance that comes along. You can't win them that way. After all it's a matter of education and pretty slow at that. I guess," he finished with a laugh, "the labor movement is getting educated also."

A Negro Averts a Lynching

Three white men, armed with guns, boarded the jim crow car of a train arriving at a Georgia village. They scanned the passengers and stopped by a Y. M. C. A. worker who was on his way to keep a speaking engagement farther down the line. "You're the man we're looking for." In spite of his protest they forcibly led him from the car to the station where a crowd was waiting to deal with the murderer (of a white man) who was supposed to have escaped to the next town from which the train had just come. In vain the young man assured them, and another Negro who had been sitting across the aisle assured them, that he had come from a town in another part of the state. He tried to show them his clergy book, but that did not help matters, as the man they were looking for had done occasional preaching. The young man still kept his head, and his quiet persistence had its effect. Finally the conductor, who had been entirely cowed by the mob, did agree that the clergy ticket he had collected in the jim crow car was from this distant town. Whether it was the total and surprising absence of physical resistance on the part of both Negroes, or the steady, quiet demand that they listen to the facts which he could prove about himself—the crowd finally let the young man go and he boarded the train and departed without further trouble. The neighbor across the aisle confided in him, after they had left the station, that he was a Pinkerton detective and usually had a gun in his clothes. "It's mighty lucky that my guns were in my suit case where I couldn't lay hands on them in a hurry. A shot from either one of us, and the mob would have had us strung up."

Unarmed Labor Police

Recent revelations by General Robert Lee Bullard of the Security League state that the Secretary of War informed Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle he would be backed by federal troops in quelling the Seattle general strike. Admittedly the situation during the strike with 60,000 trade unionists downing tools, with hysteria running high and with Mayor Hanson arming citizens' deputies with sawed-off shotguns was pregnant with terrible disaster.

However, the Seattle Central Labor Council appointed a labor police committee which organized a corps of labor patrolmen armed with nothing but soft words and the authority of the trade union movement. These men patrolled shipyard entrances, shop and factory gates, workingmen's clubs, downtown streets and labor halls to prevent any untoward incidents. The strikers themselves were urged to stay at home and not to gather in crowds for discussion. As a result there was no violence attributable to the strike itself except that a socialist editor trying to sell copies of his paper had a brief knock on the head from a striking newsboy.

Arrests were the lowest recorded on police blotters for years while drunkenness almost disappeared. It was a fine triumph for moral force while the super-heated patriots were doing their best to incite some trouble to be used as a basis for their stories of revolution.

Non-Resistance in a Strike

In the strike of the railroad shopmen, the Wilkerson injunction and the attitude of Attorney General Daugherty were an open invitation to the use of violence by the men who were thus deprived of their civil liberty. Worse still, agents provocateurs were sent among the men to start trouble; yet, with only a negligible few exceptions the shopmen kept their heads level, often organized their own patrols to see that no violence was committed to railroad property, and in the case of the engine service crews who refused to operate trains under the supervision of armed gunmen on the Santa Fe Line, the traveling public were actually taken into the homes of the men and kept there as guests until the company came to its senses and removed the provocation.

A White Man Averts a Lynching

The fire was about to be lighted under a young Negro whom the mob in a Tennessee town was bent on lynching because a white woman had been murdered. A white dentist stepped out from the crowd and demanded that the proceedings be stopped until they could be certain that this victim was the criminal. The Negro had been protesting his innocence and this one man was ready to listen. He jumped on to the pile beside the young Negro declaring: "If you lynch him you must lynch me too. We took him off the train but we don't really know that he is the man." To lynch an innocent white man was a little too much for the mob, and since he continued to stand beside the Negro the crowd finally cooled down and agreed to turn the proposed victim over to his white defender. They went off together, unmolested, and in due time the man who had actually committed the murder was found and dealt with legally through the courts.

Good Will and Conflict

Their Rise and their Function in Human Society

CHARLES A. ELLWOOD

HUMAN society and human civilization have been built up to their present level by means of coöperation; in other words, by means of active good will among men. Just as the whole universe is held together by the coöperation of its forces, while conflict and disharmony are relatively exceptional, so human society from the smallest group to the largest is held together by the active coöperation and good will of its members. Only because our social world is relatively abnormal does good will become a venture. In a normal human world, it would be not life's greatest risk, but life's greatest asset, for active good will is the constructive principle of group life.

It will not do, however, merely to say that human social life has become abnormal in order to explain why good will has become a great venture. Conflict seems so common in our human world, even hostile conflict, that there are not lacking plenty of scientific men who proclaim it as normal in human relations. They fail to see even that it is a dissociating process. Basing themselves upon what they believe to be a scientific theory of organic evolution, they proclaim that life, and so social life, perfects itself through conflict. Social life is accordingly to be understood, they say, in terms of self-interest and the lust of domination. The same law holds for human groups. They too are controlled by the self-interest of the group and by the desire of the group for power. Human society from the beginning has been an unending struggle of groups for power and possessions. It will continue to be so until the end.

Dispassionate, scientific analysis can find little ground for this cynical, or as some would prefer to say, "hard-headed," view of human life. It is, in fact, commonplace among sociologists that we must start with the group, and with "primary" or face-to-face groups. These original or primary groups are chiefly the family and the neighborhood. They were once the only human groups which existed. As we go back in human history we find these groups continuing to exist, and we have every reason to believe that they antedate even the appearance of man himself. We find these groups, moreover, everywhere peaceful. They are characterized by coöperation, kindness, sympathy and even affection among their numbers. It must always be remembered that primary groups were the original form of human society, and that still today they comprise the bulk of all active human relations. The patterns for behavior in these groups at no stage of their existence bear out the contention of the conflict and self-interest theorists. On the contrary, while conflict is not unknown in these groups, it is always relatively abnormal and is a process of dissociation. It is, in other words, an element which weakens the group life.

Now, it is another commonplace among sociologists that the principles of group organization are universal. They apply to all human groups from the smallest to the largest. The laws, or principles, of successful living together are not of one sort for one human group and of another sort for other human groups. The great "secondary" groups which are not characterized by face-to-face association have been developing in our human world for the past five thousand years. So far as we can discover these are subject to the same laws of human association as the primary or face-to-face groups. To be sure, secondary groups are not characterized by personal acquaintance, and hence they give little scope to the stimulation of sympathy and other personal attitudes which favor coöperation. Yet coöperation is just as necessary for them as for the primary groups, and active good will is just as essential among their members. Only it is harder to develop, because their members are not personally acquainted with one another. It is an old saying, and of course one which is scientifically true, that the man we dislike is usually the man whom we do not know. Human society started with face-to-face association; but now it has become a vast complex affair in which there are seemingly mainly impersonal relations, with groups going up into the hundreds of millions. Evidently to cultivate good will among the members of such vast secondary groups is quite a different problem from the cultivation of good will in face-to-face groups.

MANY other factors have entered in to make good will difficult between modern groups besides this natural impediment of lack of personal acquaintance. The earliest families and neighborhoods lived largely isolated from one another. While the pattern for behavior within the primitive family and neighborhood was one of sympathy, kindness, and good will, the pattern for behavior toward the strange group grew to be one of suspicion, distrust, and hatred. It is difficult to explain in a brief article how this came to be. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that men have always been conscious of their kinship with those in their own groups and have tended, under normal circumstances, to treat them in a sympathetic, kindly, and coöperative way. But the consciousness of kinship did not extend far beyond the primitive group. The man who was not known was often looked upon with suspicion; and with the differentiation of races, customs, and cultures, those who were in strange groups came to be looked upon as so different that they were scarcely considered to be human. This process would never have gone as far as it did, however, if it had not been for the rise of hostile conflict and struggle between human groups. We must now try to see how this came about.

Originally the world was so thinly populated and human groups were so scattered that they scarcely ever came into conflict with one another. Moreover, they had to carry on unceasingly such struggle with the adverse conditions of nature, both animate and inanimate, that they had no time, and but little opportunity, to enter into conflict with other human groups. The condition of primitive human society,

in other words, was not essentially different from the condition under which the Eskimo live at the present time. The twenty-eight thousand Eskimo are scattered along fourteen thousand miles of Arctic coast of North America and Greenland. They average only about two Eskimo to each mile of the Arctic coast. Their villages are seldom larger than from fifty to a hundred individuals. They have to keep up a constant struggle against adverse conditions in order to survive. Hence their little groups are characterized by an intense coöperation, kindliness, and good will among their members. They almost never fight, and it is said that while a whole village of Eskimo may starve, a single Eskimo never does, as long as he stays in his group; for the group will share its food among its members down to the very last bit.

It was really the invention of agriculture which precipitated struggle and war between human groups. Agriculture had two effects which inevitably led to conflict. First, it increased the food supply and so increased the size or population of human groups. Secondly, it increased wealth, and especially wealth in the form of food. The world began to fill up with people, and some human groups began to discover that they could live more easily by appropriating the stored-up food supply of other human groups than by raising it themselves. This was rendered all the more easy because the long separation and differentiation of human groups had made them so strange to one another that their members regarded each other as scarcely human.

THUS war arose in our human world. Conflict and hostility there had been before, but it was chiefly directed toward the animal world below man and only occasionally toward other human groups. The rise of agriculture made, however, organized plunder possible and profitable. This at once organized all the suspicion and ill-will of human groups toward one another. It organized also the lust for human exploitation. The student of human culture finds at this point a great break in what seems to have been the natural trend of the previous development of human society among the pure hunting and fishing peoples. Now suddenly certain institutions for human exploitation appeared which we have too long regarded as primitive. Among these are organized militarism, despotic government, slavery, polygamy, property for power, and in some cases cannibalism and prostitution. These all resulted from the plunder of human beings and property which war brought. They are not natural to human society.

So far as the archæologist can tell war began in Europe toward the close of the paleolithic and at the beginning of neolithic times, or about ten or twelve thousand years ago. Naturally for a time war flourished and became the chief occupation of successful predatory peoples. It may be said that this has continued down to the present time. However, about twenty-five hundred or two thousand years ago, protests against this state of war began to be made by great religious and moral teachers. They began again to teach coöperation and good will among men. But for the most part their teachings had effect only within groups which were relatively unified and well-organized. Such teachings were not allowed, at least among the European peoples, to interfere noticeably with the war system.

In the meantime, however, the progress of agriculture had made the population of the world much more dense, the relations between all human groups much more compl and all human relations much more interdependent. rise of a leisure class, made possible in part through slav and other forms of exploitation, had immensely increa knowledge, led to numerous inventions, the expansion trade and commerce, and the discovery of new worlds. success of predatoriness led to the exaltation of the pre tory spirit among nations with the inculcation of a cor ponding spirit of self-interest in individuals. In spite, the fore, of the rise of religions of coöperation and good w self-interest, the love of power, the lust for domination h continued to rule our human world down to the pres hour. The spirit of conflict and of self-interest has spr even to the primary or face-to-face groups of men. E family life and neighborhood life have become characteri by dissension and are permeated by disintegrating s interest. Instead of human beings trying to live toget by the exchange of mutual services, by conferring mut benefits, or by active good will, many seek to live by ploiting their fellow human beings. Especially do gro or classes try to exploit one another.

BUT all this violates the fundamental law of normal h man association, which as Novicow has clearly show consists in the equal exchange of goods and services; the m intense this exchange of goods and services is, the high rises the level of human association. In other words, that man has achieved above the brutes has come fr coöperation with his fellow men. And we have every r son to believe that if this coöperation among men can widened and intensified; if we can put an end to host conflict between individuals, classes, nations and races, a replace that hostile conflict by harmonious coöperation; can raise human society and human civilization to levels n undreamed of. Men do not live merely by means of foo nor yet even merely by means of knowledge; they live ev more by means of coöperation. They need active good w toward one another, quite as much as they need food a knowledge.

Human groups have expanded until all mankind will so be but one group. If we could discover some way of putti an end to hostile conflict between individuals and grou and of substituting in its place coöperation based on go will, we would not need to fear the various bugaboos wi which one-sided scientists are prone to threaten us, such overpopulation, limits of subsistence, limits of human i telligence, etc. Intelligent coöperation could banish all the foes. The one great need of our human world, as t sociologist sees it, is intelligent, active good will between of its parts, whether individuals or groups. Mere conten plative good will, of course, is not sufficient in a world li ours where whole races, nations and classes remain u developed.

If we are to develop the resources in these and in ou selves, we need an intelligent, active mutual good will di fused among all men. This can come about only in tw ways: first, through the diffusion of social knowled throughout human society and the cultivation of an acti social imagination; secondly, through stimulating the kindl sympathetic emotions which we naturally have through o development in primary groups, but which can be great

ltivated through religion and ethical ideals, when these come thoroughly socialized.

We have no reason, therefore, to believe that the lack of ood will which we now find in our human world is necesary, or even normal. We have every reason to believe that ntolerance, hatred and ill will everywhere breed abnormal cial conditions among men; and that sympathy, good will, nd coöperation everywhere result in normal social relations. Hatred cannot be made to cease by hatred. For us active ood will toward all of our fellow men is the venture above ll others which our human world needs to take; for without a larger fund of mutual good will, human society cannot rogress and security is impossible.

The Bridge to Freedom

From "Three Dreams in a Desert," by Olive Schreiner

I SAW a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; nd a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written 'Reason." And he asked her what she wanted, and she said, "I am woman, and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said to her, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river nd a bank steep and high, and cuttings are here and there with heavy and in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hands, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, he sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way and one only. Down the banks of Labor and through the waters of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He said, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time and you may e lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have tried."

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, 'For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! What do you ear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they eat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! Make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, he ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge and it is swept away, and then another one comes, and then another and then another, and at last with their piled-up bodies a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that?" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge—" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "The entire human race."

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down the dark path to the river.

With World Tomorrow Co-operators —From Martha's Diary

OCCASIONALLY Martha leaves the house of THE WORLD TOMORROW and fares forth into the great world to see some of the coöperators who make this whole venture possible. Last month some one told her about a person who might like to become a coöperator. So one night in February Martha set her alarm clock for an early start next day, and took a train in the morning for the city of brotherly love, where THE WORLD TOMORROW has already so many good friends.

IT was blowing and snowing wildly, but Martha was brought up in the land of blizzards and likes them. She had written ahead for an appointment and telephoned from the station to confirm it. To her dismayed surprise she heard an angry voice at the other end burst forth into a tirade against the new "cause" that dared to rear its head on the horizon of society. Martha's offending head at the end of the wire was nearly blown off her shoulders, and she wondered if this could be the person whom she had hoped to see. But yes, it was:—only the person, most emphatically and violently, did not wish to be seen.

IT was a whole half hour afterward that Martha sat in the station recovering from the blizzard of words. She thought over the names of friends in the city who were coöperators of THE WORLD TOMORROW and interested in its steady progress toward democratic support. A talk with one of them would be heartening. Martha chose one who was especially warmhearted, and went to call. The last time this friend had been in the garden at the back of the house, working to make the flowers grow. This time she was helping to clean the house. But the out-going goodwill was the same, and Martha came away with the assurance of continued help from this coöperator for the sustaining fund of THE WORLD TOMORROW in 1926.

BUT it is expensive of time and money to leave the regular work of the office and come out on the road to see the friends of THE WORLD TOMORROW. Happily most of the 475 coöperators in 1925 helped us to save travelling expenses and postage, and sent their contributions in answer to a letter and printed matter early in the year.

AND already in 1926 more than one hundred and fifty coöperators have given or pledged over $5,000 of the $26,000 to be raised this year.

Will you join them and be

one	of	50	coöperators	to	give	$100	each
"	"	40	"	"	"	50	"
"	"	50	"	"	"	25	"
"	"	150	"	"	"	10	"
"	"	250	"	"	"	5	"

WORTH WHILE PLAYS

FRANZ WERFEL'S wildly poetic *Goat Song,* at the Theatre Guild, is a tremendous emotional experience. A violent medieval revolution of landless Slavs against their manor lords, the drama is shot through with mystic poetry that interprets the lives of these lords and rebels in cosmic terms. Lee Simonson's wondrous setting, an angle of a room, roofless, with a boundless horizon in distant mountain tops, under the world's wide sky, establishes at once the intensely individual drama of the *Goat Song* and its larger poetic meaning. Werfel's play has something in it akin to the madness of Blake, the lyric chant of Whitman, the romance of Conrad, and the realism of Tolstoy; it is prodigious and turbulent, a dramatic symphony, strange and wonderful, that must be seen and heard; and the audience should bring to it a soaring imagination and leave its feet at home.

Eugene O'Neill's latest dramatic experiment is his use of masks in *The Great God Brown,* and an extremely interesting experiment it is. The insight into real character that the old classic writers attempted and occasionally achieved by using the soliloquy and the aside is achieved by O'Neill's masks. This use of the tremendous contrast between the true inner self and the mask of attitude usually worn before others provides rich and vital drama for a plot that is in its outlines pretty much the usual triangle. *The Great God Brown,* although burdened with a poor, confused, fourth act (the first three, however, are immensely good and will keep you glued to your seat), is one of the most imaginative and significant things the American theatre has given us. It is excellently acted, with William Harrigan, Robert Keith and Leona Hogarth in the central rôles.

Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* is revived, by the Actors' Theatre, with Emily Stevens a brilliant *Hedda* and Dudley Digges thoroughly fine as the pedantic husk of a man that is *Tesman.* Frank Conroy as *Judge Brack,* and Patricia Collinge as *Mrs. Elvsted* contribute new and important values to these characters. This reviewer did not like Louis Calhern's characterization of *Eilert Lovborg. Lovborg* is a spirit akin to Edgar Allan Poe, a Shelley that cannot drink wine and remain a man. Mr. Calhern's *Lovborg* seemed at times like a Zane Grey hero somewhat ashamed of himself. Otherwise, this revival is a lively, intelligent production.

Eva Le Gallienne has produced Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman,* a play not familiar to American audiences. Briefly, this drama is a mental and emotional duel between two sisters, the selfish and conventional *Mrs. Borkman* and the human and imaginative spinster *Ella.* The conflict in the past has centered on *Borkman,* a bankrupt embezzler. Throughout the play the conflict centers in *Erhart,* the son of the Borkmans. Helen Haye gives a splendid characterization of *Mrs. Borkman,* and Eva Le Gallienne's *Ella Rentheim* may live long as a truly notable and miraculous portrait—one of those great performances that appear as masterpieces in the theatre art. Continuing the metaphor, Egon Brecher's characterization of *Borkman* is a quaint chromo.

The daughter of the god Indra comes to earth via Strindberg's *Dream Play* at the Provincetown, and interests herself in human existence. Her rich and varied odyssey through realms of human experience progresses through fifteen imaginative, sharply poignant scenes, scenes of wonder, tragedy, and pity. She finds that man robs life of ecstasy and joy by exploiting others in an effort to find individual happiness and power. Strindberg was the forerunner of many of the moderns, and is still seven leagues ahead of many of them in dramatic power and clear writing. The Provincetown Players have produced the *Dream Play* with their abiding skill; it is a production that is alive with unusual force and beauty.

Karel Capek's *The Makropoulos Secret* is a lively comedy centered in a prima donna, Emilia Marty, who, by using the Makropoulos formula, has lived some three hundred years. It will not spoil the play for you if you know in advance that Emilia Marty, during her many years, has become vastly bored by life and wants to die. Perhaps Capek was deliberate in making this lady shallow and unimaginative. Personally, if I knew I were going to live three hundred years, I'd try more than one profession. Helen Menken gives a glowing characterization of the dashing great-great-grandmother, and Capek's brilliance places the play above the average in importance.

COLEY B. TAYLOR.

The following "worth while plays" of the present New York season have been recently published: *The Jazz Singer,* by Samuel Raphaelson (Brentano's); *The Man with a Load of Mischief,* by Ashley Dukes (Doran); *The Poor Nut,* by J. C. and Elliott Nugent (Samuel French); *The Enemy,* by Channing Pollock (Brentano's); *The Great God Brown,* by Eugene O'Neill (Boni and Liveright); *A Man's Man,* by Patrick Kearney (Brentano's); *The Goat Song,* by Franz Werfel (Doubleday, Page); *Craig's Wife,* by George Kelly (Little, Brown); and *Plays of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio* (Brentano's).

THE FAMILY ALBUM

Joshua Lieberman

A DAY in the Pioneer Youth office is something that would indeed be an experience for an ordinary bourgeois office worker! Two small rooms, because rents are so terrific high, desks jostling each other, coats and hats tossed over files for lack of hangers, not enough chairs. Josh Lieberman, the creator and director, the money raiser and the organizer, the burden bearer and the inspiration of Pioneer Youth, is balanced precariously on a chair with three legs. The stenographer and the bookkeeper really have to have the four-legged ones!

Josh's curly black head is bent in utter absorption over some pamphlet he is writing. It is to be seen that he is biting the end of his pencil while he thinks.

Josh has a great sense of order. He is very sensitive to beauty but his eyes are turned so constantly forward upon Pioneer Youth as it must be made that he seems to be practically unaware of such minor matters as noise and interruptions.

The bookkeeper comes in, "Josh, what shall we do about the entry?"

Josh looks up, his strong, shining, white teeth flash in a quick friendly grin. He tells her. No, he doesn't "tell" anyone—rather they advise together, two colleagues in bookkeeping.

Into his mouth goes the chewed end of his pencil. Down goes his head again over his pamphlet.

"Josh, you're wanted on the telephone."

"Josh, that darned mimeograph machine is broken again."

"Josh, Eddie Lerner wants to start a club and he says he can get ever so many of his friends to join—only he wants you to come out to their first meeting and tell the others who weren't at camp last summer what it means to be a Pioneer Youth—and he wants you to get them a club leader and he wants you to find them a meeting place."

osh shoves the pamphlet aside for the moment. "That's glorious lie's so keen for a club. He's a *dandy* little kid. Did you ever the drawings he made last summer of the rabbits we had at mp? They're *wonderful.*" He makes a search for the drawings. eryone stops to rejoice in them. They really do show marked lity!

Quiet for a very little while.

Down the hall sound the boisterous eager voices of a bunch of er Pioneer Youth Boys and Girls. They are always dropping in see Josh. Instantly he is one of them. He's wrestling with John, ling the cap over Sol's eyes, laughing out loud at some incident rah tells him.

They love him for his gayety. They love him for his seriousss. They love him because he's just plain Josh. Yet they know at he doesn't know, what his being Josh means to them!

Bob saw the last time he was in how much an extra box was ded for the card index file. He made one himself at home and s brought it with him now.

"Why, Bob, that's perfectly glorious," says Josh, enthusiastic and ighted as Bob himself.

"Glorious" is the word most often on Josh's lips. "Glorious" shines couragingly from his eyes at the least little contribution made by yone to Pioneer Youth.

Everyone likes to talk with Josh—it makes them feel good clean rough. He is so young and so strong, so naturally, so persistently idealist. The old and the skeptical shake their heads a little. ey know, or think they know, how even the most passionately eamed of plans may fail. But Josh has been a wage-earner since was eleven years old and his childhood, before then, was spent der the shadow of pogrom and white terror in a Russian village. e has a richly varied experience of his own to balance the doubts tired gray heads.

Josh will tell you how in his own childhood in Russia he was cut f from other children. He was ragged and unkempt and had few aymates. When they would wander down to the lake the "Moujik" ildren would drive them away with jeers and pelt them with stones. he sense of isolation went very deep. The threat of anti-Jewish assacre was always present. Even after he came to New York, ith Jewish neighbors aplenty, he felt strange and shy and withew to read instead of joining in the games of the other boys.

During his three years in the public school Josh was working tside of school hours. At the age of eleven he was up at four clock, delivering bread for three hours every morning. When he ft school—at the end of the sixth grade—his education in human lations consciously began. In one of his first full-time jobs the eatment of an Italian in the shop by his native American fellow orkers gave him a first realization that others besides Jews were tting a raw deal in this world. Then he became a shipping clerk ar the docks and later a longshoreman and a weighmaster, and his ood began to boil over the insults endured by Negroes. He must mself do something about it and forthwith, from among the ungsters in Corlears Hook Park, Josh, now seventeen years old, ganized at the Henry Street Settlement a club of eleven and velve year old boys with two colored members, and two Italian, one olish, one German, two Irish and four Jewish members.

Along about his seventeenth year Josh also joined the suffrage ub at the Henry Street Settlement and did his bit by carrying the latform for street meetings. When the speaker failed to appear—nd this happened with considerable regularity—he would be drafted to answer questions and hold the crowd. From this he turned aturally to further reading and study of social and economic quesons and shortly he joined the Socialist Party.

For two years in his middle twenties Josh was employed as boy's orker at Richmond Hill House. This brought only part-time pay, t Josh used the unwonted leisure for study, including a course art.

These two years, with their increasing understanding of boys and of the goals and inherent limitations of settlement activities, helped to crystallize his ideals for work with children and young people. Now, with his own Pioneer Youth, Josh is putting his principles to the test: Is it in any way possible for children to run their own clubs, their own camps? Can they of their own initiative take peace as an ideal more stirring than war? Can they feel a sense of responsibility to see that a square deal—with no prejudice on account of race, or religion, or economic position—is given to not only everyone in their own clubs, but insofar as they are able, beyond their clubs in the community itself? Can they learn to give themselves wholeheartedly and without fear to the fight against social injustice?

But this is a recent venture, barely two years old, and before and after the two pleasant years in boys' work Josh was working as a wage-earner here and there. Whether he was a comb polisher or a paper box maker, or salesman for a wholesale house dealing in upholstery goods he was talking socialism and trying to promote trade union organization among his fellow workers. In the course of time he came into touch with A. J. Muste and the Amalgamated Textile Workers and became a paid organizer and later a business agent for one and another of the affiliated unions. While director of the United Labor Education Committee he worked out with A. I. Shiplacoff and others an interesting plan for special concerts and educational courses for unemployed workers. This was carried out during four months for tens of thousands of workers in the smaller unions, but the time was not ripe for such coöperation among workers education groups as would have been necessary to establish the plan permanently.

But now with Pioneer Youth Josh is proving his ability to secure coöperation from various labor groups. And on his board, educators with the vision of new educational methods free from indoctrination, and labor leaders with a general concern to interest youth in the labor movement and its social ideals, are working together toward some new synthesis. And while they discuss and give counsel and support, Josh is trying to impart to other club leaders something of the purposes and the methods which he has learned from his own experience.

Meanwhile the children flock to Josh.

MARY G. PORTER and ANNA ROCHESTER.

"FOOLS"

THE idealist said in his heart: "The God of Force is dead, or dying." He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have not. . . . The battle between the God of Love and the God of Force endures forever. Fools of the former camp, drowned out and beaten to their knees, in due time will get up again and plant their poor little flag a little farther on. "All men shall be brothers," said the German fool, Schiller; so shall the fools say again when the time comes; and again, and again, after every beating!—JOHN GALSWORTHY in "First Thoughts on the War."

Not in the Headlines

Against Compulsory Military Training

The men students at Ohio State University, after long discussion of the subject, voted 1,099 to 701 for optional as against compulsory military training.

Refuses to Wear the Uniform

For telling an army recruiting officer that "After what I endured and learned 'over there' I wouldn't wear the uniform again," Victor Saff, a thirty-year-old St. Louis laborer, was haled before Police Judge Roscan and compelled to kiss the American flag.

Japanese Brotherhood Scholarship

The award of the Japanese Brotherhood Scholarship, to send an American student to Japan, will be made during April. The fund has been raised through the efforts of Japanese students in New York, and the scholarship will be awarded to that native born American, man or woman, between 25 and 35 years of age, who is judged by the Committee of Award to be the best investment. The Committee of Award includes Japanese and Americans. The Chairman is Harry E. Edmonds, Director of International House, New York City.

Aluminum Profits

Leland Olds of the Federated Press analyses the recent "juggling" of the capitalization of the Aluminum Company of America by which the true percentage of returns on stockholders' investment has been concealed. For each original $100 share of common stock, according to Mr. Olds, 7 preferred shares of $100 par, paying 6 per cent, and 6 of the new common shares (no par value but with market value of over $60 and dividend of about $10 a share) have been issued. The actual dividends on an original investment of $100 par value will be approximately $102, and the market value of the substituted shares will be at least $1,060.

For Investigation of Industrial Espionage

It is reported that Senator Wheeler's labor spy resolution, submitted last December, which calls for an investigation by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor into the prevailing system of industrial espionage, is likely to be buried in committee unless labor organizations and others interested in the bill give it stronger support. The resolution calls attention to the fact that court proceedings have tended to show that private detective agencies are obtaining large sums of money from employers by inciting to violence, manufacturing scares, and falsely reporting subversive movements. Senator Wheeler desires exact facts which might lead to the federal licensing and regulation of private detective agencies.

Indian Jute Workers

Tom Johnston, labor member of Parliament from Dundee, and John F. Sims, secretary of the Dundee and District Union of Jute and Flax Workers, reported recently on their investigations of the jute workers in Bengal. They found that the Indian jute worker was earning about five dollars a month while the owners' profits were eight times as great as the total wages bill. During a period of ten years the average dividend for all the companies was about 90 per cent. The majority of the shares are held by Indians but effective control rests in the hands of the British shareholders and British officials. The report concludes that the first three essentials for the Indian workers are strong labor unions, better education, and co-operative societies.

Convict Labor Horrors

The Federated Press calls attention to the story of brutali convict workers which has led to the indictment of murder ag the superintendent of the Stanley County Convict system in N Carolina. The official report of the North Carolina State Boar Charities investigating committee brought out the evidence on w the indictment was based.

Trumbull Released

Walter M. Trumbull, the American soldier who was sentence court martial to 26 years' imprisonment for attending the mee of the Hawaiian Communist League (which had no formal affili with the Communist International), was released in February. A widespread protests to the War Department, his sentence had commuted to one year. Time allowance for good behavior too another three months. His comrade, Paul Crouch, who was origi sentenced for 40 years, is still serving the three years to which sentence was reduced.

California Prisoners—and Others

Richard Ford, who had been released last September on p after serving part of his prison term in connection with the Whea Hop Fields disturbance of 1913 and who was immediately rearr on a fresh charge in connection with the same events, was acqu by the jury and is at last a free man. His comrade Herman is still in prison, serving his original sentence. The judge, B of injunction fame, denounced the verdict as un-American and ab and sent a courtroom spectator to jail for 5 days because he appla the acquittal. (In another court three Superior Court judge El Centro sent Norman H. Parks, editor of the Holtville Tribun jail for 5 days and fined him $500 for printing in his paper th certain decision was "judicial bolshevism.") Meanwhile more half a hundred I.W. W.'s are in the San Quentin prison; the Cent men have not been included in the scores of pardons granted by new governor of Washington; the six Mexican prisoners who existed in Texas prison cells for thirteen years because of share in a revolt against Diaz, are still held; and the fate of S and Vanzetti is yet to be determined.

Color Bar in South Africa

The anti-Asiatic bill which has the backing of the Governmen the Union of South Africa and proposes to segregate the In population with harassing restrictions, has aroused a storm of opp tion in India. The recent Indian Trade Union Congress passe strong resolution of protest. Lord Reading has registered his o sition. C. F. Andrews has gone to South Africa to throw his abil against the measure. Gandhi even asks, "Where is the plighted w of General Smuts?" Only a small minority of the South Af Labor Party is opposing the bill. The British Imperial Governm protests that it cannot interfere. New restrictions against the emp ment of South African natives—similar to those already decl unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of South Africa—are prop in the Mines and Factories' Bill which has been reintroduced year. It passed the House last year but was defeated in the Sen Provisions against racial intermarriage are being generally discus and a Native Churches Commission, recently appointed, commends move made by the United Free Church of Scotland, in formin separate Native branch to be known as the Bantu Presbyte Church.

New Kind of Peace Meeting

The Fellowship of Reconciliation is planning a new kind of peace eeting at Arles, France, during the Easter holidays. Members of e Fellowship and their friends will gather, with the children of the llowship School at Gland, for a few days of study of international oblems. The children will give folk dances in the open air theatre d they invite the children of Arles also to give dances that they ay know. Informal discussion and pleasant hours together on expe- tions to historic points are also planned for. Arrangements have en made for simple accommodations so that none need be excluded the score of expense.

THE FACTS

The Anthracite Truce

What is the social function of an anthracite strike? Who has won and who has lost in this last encounter?

FIVE months of strike were no longer an Atlantic City social with plenty of feet resting quietly under plenty of nice round tables. hey meant that there was a war, where hate, hunger and not having uite enough to eat, which is a little worse, all played their part. here was also a war psychology. Is the war over? And has the ettlement settled anything?

The anthracite situation is not so terribly complex. In one back- ard the miners held forth, with some fairly well paid men and a rge group that is not well paid at all. In the other backyard were the perators, with some companies making good money, but with quite group not making much, and very much afraid that they are going o make less in the future. First they said one thing to each other, hen another, not all of them nice. But mainly for five and a half nonths the operators were saying this: "We are losing money. People re buying soft coal. We are going to have a hard time in the uture. We can't have you fellows getting gay for more wages while we're sawing wood and trying to get our markets back. So et's have the President or the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court or somebody respectable like that appoint a man to tell you where to get off. And that's final, and it goes for five years, and you don't get any work until you swallow it."

The miners were not hesitant with their repartee. It runs after his fashion: "Not much. We've been there before, in 1920, and were held up. The respectable arbitrator the President appointed changed his mind too quickly. It looks suspiciously like a put up job to us. These companies that aren't making much money (and you say that they won't be able to raise prices any) are going to tell your man that they need a wage cut to keep going. Now those fellows are only a small part of the total production, and if they can't stand the present wages, let them cut down their royalties or stop inflating their values and if that doesn't help they had better sell out. We can't have the wages of all our 158,000 men cut because the companies paying 10,000 of them aren't making much money. Also, and in addition, we don't believe this business about not selling all the coal you want to sell. The people will buy hard coal rather than spend half the time stoking their furnaces with soft coal and the other half of the time washing themselves and their curtains and their laundry. This arbitration business you put over on the newspapers simply means making the miners pay for the fact that some of you fellows don't know how to run the mines as well as most of you do. From the short end of that stick, Good Lord, deliver us, and we will face the wrath of the public and the hunger of our stomachs."

During this argument the public sat in the house adjoining these backyards and was pleasantly surprised that it didn't have to freeze as it thought it would and mildly put a dirty thumb to a sooty nose and decried the noise and looked the other way. Also it was inclined to believe that the fellows who started all this fracas were more to blame than the fellows that kept it going.

The present settlement postpones the issue to January, 1927. That postponement gains the operators the advantage of keeping coal out of the Congressional elections this fall and makes the next wage dispute coincide with the expiration of the Jacksonville Agreement and a probable bituminous wage cut which will be a ground for asking for an anthracite wage cut. It gains for them also a situation where they can concentrate and guide public pressure on one simple thing, the appointment by the two representatives on the board of a third man, an actual arbitrator, who may be expected to do what the miners fear he will do.

It gains for the miners one thing, their present wage rates (unequal as they are) for five years, *provided* they can in 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930 name three public representatives who will *not* agree to any arbitration on the present basis of the industry's organization. They have, of course, no guarantee that next spring, for example, when the board of two is deadlocked and bituminous wages have just been cut, the anthracite operators will not close down, informally, for a long time to bring almost irresistible pressure to bear upon them to accept arbitration. And their resistance will have weakened a little.

The consuming public seems to gain peace, but it has no guarantee of constant or large production or reasonable prices. Nor has it any guarantee that Congressional inactivity will not simply give the companies five years to consolidate, merge and establish such claims to inflated capitalization as will put them by 1930 in a position where they can say: "Come on in and regulate us. You can't possibly reduce the price of coal a cent." And if 1930 is marked by another long suspension of production, the answer to the question of who lost the anthracite war will be "the public."

Roughly, and stepping on many toes in haste to get past, the social function of an anthracite war is to precipitate the elements in conflict, to get rid of the scum of claims, counterclaims and propaganda, to center the understanding and emotional forces around the important things, among which are freedom, power and an easy conscience when you spend a dollar to take the family to the movies.

To the extent that this strike has taught the participants that there is an essentially unsound economic situation in the industry which it alone is not solving and cannot alone solve satisfactorily, it has deserved well of the nation. To the extent it has failed in doing that, it is just another frost, to be forgotten in the summer. At present it is half and half. Before events go much further those of the participants who are able to disentangle their emotions will probably agree with Senator B. K. Wheeler that unification under a Federal Anthracite Company with workers' and consumers' control will be cheapest and best.

HILMAR STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH.

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"They fit and they fought and scratched each other's eyes,
Till all that was left upon the rail
Was the beak of one of those little magpies
And the other little magpie's tail."

AS WE SEE IT

"Now Is the Time"—for What?

Nothing about the campaign for the entry of the United States into the World Court was more significant to the peace movement than the manner in which a host of organizations massed their forces behind it and fought without let-up from start to finish. The innocuousness of the project may be one of the reasons why it was possible to achieve such an extraordinary measure of coöperation; but of its effectiveness there can be no doubt.

On the World Court issue, as might be expected, leadership and initiative resided chiefly in the more conservative bodies. Yet with a desire to promote unity and evince a spirit of friendly coöperation, many pacifists who saw clearly enough that the Court is but an extremely short step toward world peace, nevertheless followed this conservative leadership, even diverting energy for the time being from the more basic programs which are their special trust.

But the World Court fight is over, isolationist revivals notwithstanding. What next? Outlawry on the Borah-Levinson plan? Not unless Senator Borah, its major spokesman in Congress, ceases to worry over the traditions of George Washington and gets down to cases. Meantime, who will now take the lead? Will the pacifists whose programs cut deeper into the roots of the war system merely subside until another campaign is set in motion—by less thorough-going peace workers—and once more follow or be still?

"Now is the time," says Mr. Ponsonby, in the title of his striking book, reviewed elsewhere in this issue. We quite agree. And we concur with enthusiasm when he advocates the plan of serving notice, by signatures to a letter addressed to the government, that there are not a few individuals who in advance of its coming have repudiated any share in the prosecution of another war. The proposal is not new, in essence; it is substantially the same as that sponsored by the War Resisters' International, including the section for the United States.

But the personal outlawry of war in advance, so to speak, is not the only basic measure for peace for which intelligent pacifists are working. Peace plans in the large and small are being forwarded. In England, to take one detail for an example, Mr. Laurence Housman, sensing as too few pacifists do the necessity of dramatizing peace activity in the minds of the people, is urging the sale by the peace movement of white poppies on Remembrance Day, and proposes that churches be asked to devote seven minutes on a certain Sunday each year for members of the congregation to sign the peace letter as outlined by Mr. Ponsonby. In this country, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is sponsoring petitions to the coming disarmament conference for complete world disarmament and the abolition of conscription. The Women's Peace Union of the Western Hemisphere not long since drew up a constitutional amendment providing for complete disarmament by the United States with or without other countries. And the war referendum proposal, which seems to have languished unaccountably of late, is being pushed by Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, who is urging legislation to that end in the twenty states which allow such expression of the popular will. All of these and numerous other proposals have been brought forward from time to time; but they have rarely penetrated into movements other than those in which they originated. It is not our intention to discuss the merits or demerits of these projects at this time, though we may do so later. The lack of support they have received is no indication, in our opinion, that they have been weighed and found wanting. Rather, they have remained within the confines of limited groups, and have never received either thoughtful study or systematic backing. And why? Because the groups comprising the "left wing" of the peace movement have achieved no appreciable degree of unity, and, as a matter of fact, have almost never met for mutual counsel and coöperative thinking.

Now of all times is an appropriate occasion to take up with earnestness, the whole question of "left wing" pacifist tactics with special reference to the methods by which the peace sentiment that exists among the people of the country may be strengthened and made vocal. Let the peace programs that work on the top, through governmental channels, go on developing as they may; give them support whenever it is warranted; but let pacifists join forces on a program into which the conservative peace organizations, in all probability, would not yet be willing to enter. The true function of the more radical peace organizations in the whole peace movement should be not unlike that of the Independent Labor Party in the British Labor Party as a whole.

If any one thing is more superlatively necessary at this juncture than any other, it is a joint conference of the leaders and members, on a delegated basis, of the peace organizations which are more interested in working through the masses than through leagues, courts, and meetings of government officials. We urge, in the utmost seriousness, that a conference of this character be held at an early date and we venture to make certain concrete suggestions to give point to any preliminary discussion. As a topic for the conference, we suggest, tentatively, "Peace and the People." The agenda should include, we suggest, at least the following subjects for discussion:

1. Complete eradication of compulsory military training from educational institutions; and the education of boys and their parents by peace movements into an understanding of the implications and real purposes of *voluntary* military training.

2. Education of the people in the relation between foreign investments and the use of U. S. armed forces for their protection.

3. Conveying to the people the truth about poison gas and the extent of its development and projected use by the U. S. War Department.

4. Efforts so to amend the plan for the outlawry of war as to remove its sanction of defensive warfare.

5. Means of effective public education in the history, effects, and present aims of conscription in all of its forms

6. Legislation, state and federal, to provide for a vote of the people prior to any declaration of war.

7. A systematic, far-reaching campaign for signatures to a statement repudiating in advance any share by the signatories in any future war; together with means of presenting this list of names to the government of the United States once each year.

Organizations which might naturally be expected to evince interest in such a conference and to which this appeal is hereby informally addressed, include: Association to Abolish War; Fellowship of Reconciliation; Fellowship of Youth for Peace; Peace Association of Friends in America; Peace Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends; Peace and Service Committee of (Hicksite) Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; War Resisters' International, U. S. Section; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, National and State sections; Women's Peace Society; Women's Peace Union of the Western Hemisphere. Which of these movements will be the first to volunteer as host for a preliminary meeting of officers to discuss the possible value of such a conference, directly raising the question with the others?

What we have in mind, in brief, is the working out of a pacifist program for the next year or two which "means business," which may be taken by the organizations participating in its formulation directly to the people, and which will set them to talking and thinking about peace, not in terms of abstract institutions of government from which their daily lives are seemingly remote, but instead, as peace affects their personal affairs, directly, intimately, inevitably. Without a program of this sort, comprising a few agreed points on which to unite, we shall be obliged to continue as at present, working sporadically, disjointedly; with it, our ranks would be at once a great deal stronger, our enthusiasm warmer, and our accomplishments, if not conspicuous, at least of more enduring worth. Of more enduring worth, because more deeply rooted in the desires and understanding of the people, without whom all the courts, leagues, international parliaments and codes of outlawry will, in crises, prove of no avail.

But first, before a program, a conference to shape it. How much longer must we wait?

Rubber Acres and Elastic Principles

Day by day the lines are being drawn for a prolonged and bitter struggle over the Philippines. Their commercial value now is undeniable. In 1910, the exports of the Islands to all countries amounted to $39,864,169; in 1924, the total had risen to $129,555,404, of which $92,399,674 represented exports to the United States; in 1924, the imports from the United States were no less than $56,121,567, some $17,000,000 more than from all other countries combined.

Commercial interests see in the British rubber monopoly an excuse to break down the restrictions which have thus far saved the Islands from partition by exploiters. Approximately 64,000 square miles of virgin soil still wait to be tilled. Experts of the United States Department of Agriculture have conducted careful investigations, and have reported that rubber can be successfully grown.

Unfortunately for rubber enthusiasts, however, three small details remain as yet to hinder. In the first place, the Filipino population seems more interested in the right to govern themselves in their own way than in filling the pockets of American business men, even though a coin or two drop into theirs as a result.

A second difficulty, growing out of the first, is presented by the Land Act passed by the Philippine legislature in 1919. Among other safeguards to native control it specifies that 2,530 acres shall be the maximum purchase of public agricultural land by a corporation or association, and 247 acres by any individual.

Even more embarrassing is the fact that every successive administration since the days when American atrocities during our "pacification" of the Islands shocked the world, has pledged anew ultimate independence to the Filipinos. These assurances, it is true, have been made for the most part in that language of lovely generalities which is the customary speech of benevolent imperialists; but there they are upon the record just the same. Small wonder that a good deal of fire is being levelled in Congress at the Jones Act of 1916, through which the Congress of the United States assured the Filipinos that "it has always been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein."

Representative Underhill of Massachusetts spoke against independence in the House on February 19th; Representative Bacon of New York is expected to follow by the introduction of a bill taking away much of the present power of the elected native leaders in the Philippine legislature and giving Governor-General Wood greatly increased powers. And while natives are sent to jail for criticizing the Governor-General, insinuations creep about through American periodicals—*The Dearborn Independent*, for example—that "Bolshevism" is rampant in the Island, and a flood of anti-independence propaganda is let loose upon the country.

It will doubtless be no harder for the government of the United States to break its pledge than it was for Von Bethmann-Hollweg to tear up his famous "scrap of paper." From that disgrace the nation still may be preserved.

One hopeful factor is the apparent firmness of the natives' views. As a preliminary to the struggle which they foresee clearly, the Nationalist and Democrat parties have formed a coalition in the Insular Department, thus to present a united front against American encroachments. How strong a factor will be that section of American opinion which stands resolutely against the imperialism that is fostered by the business interests alike in control of the Republican kite and the Democratic tail which constitute the bulk of Congress, will not be seen, perhaps, until the crisis of decision comes a little nearer.

It will not be long in coming; and the time to register most usefully is now. Through Mexico, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Philippines the profit-seekers lead peace groups a merry chase. Yet of all the cases where a struggle must be fought out between American imperialism and good will, none presents a clearer issue than our dealings with the Filipinos.

Peace Books from Far and Near

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

Study the Map Beforehand

ARTHUR PONSONBY, late Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain, has contributed the most important book to the literature of pacifism that has appeared for several years. It is a most persuasive statement of the common sense of pacifism as a political programme; it is also a challenge to pacifists to exert themselves to win enough converts in the next few years to achieve reliable security from war. Pacifists should be most active, Mr. Ponsonby holds, not just before a war and not during war, but soon *after* a conflict. So in title letters on the cover of his book he writes, *Now Is the Time.*[1]

"The new conscientious objector," says this Member of Parliament, "must declare himself long beforehand in time of apparent peace, and by so doing encourage others and enrol a formidable body whose voice cannot be silenced. Instead of a few hundreds declaring themselves when a Conscription Act is passed, many hundred thousands must declare, before the enemy is chosen or the cause has been invented, that they will take no part in the next war."

To the objection, often made, that a man cannot decide wisely in advance what stand he should take in a crisis whose circumstances he cannot completely foresee, Ponsonby replies that we all make advance decisions in such matters as not to coöperate with an individual intending to do murder in a private quarrel, even though justice be on his side; and that *as regards war most people now decide in advance that they will take part in it if the Government calls them to do so.* Moreover, when war breaks out the real facts of its occasion and cause are not obtainable by private individuals. In convincing chapters on The Great Conspiracy and The Outbreak of War the argument is as follows:

The "Great Conspiracy" is *"the fixed and sustained determination of Authority to popularize war."* Authority includes not only the Government but the atmosphere of habit, custom and tradition reenforcing the established order through the persons and positions of high-up officials in churches, universities, big business, the press and Society. "Authority is built up on tradition. It absorbs new ideas only after they have stood the test of time and ceased to be new. Authority can never venture. Its own security means its own existence. It can take no risks. . . ."

Authority has made up its mind about the institution of war in advance of any particular conflict which may arise. It has also done its teaching. If, then, leaders in the Government decide that a particular war is advisable, the lines are ready and set to pull public opinion in. All that has to be done at the moment of decision is to press a button and release devices of propaganda which have been carefully prepared behind the scenes beforehand for the day. The war then appears righteous, defensive and unavoidable no less to the intellectual who has postponed taking a stand than to the man on the street. If now at this critical juncture the enemy makes one false move it is a godsend to the conscience and self interest of Authority. Mr. Ponsonby does not say "invasion of Belgium" or "scrap of paper," but he is quite unblushing in his exposure of the invariable lying of governments about the reasons for any war.

"On the outbreak of war *the truth is not and cannot be told.* Consequently all who make up their mind to support the war and help in it on the information given them are dupes. They are deceived and misled. Their decision is, and in the nature of things must be, based on falsehood, or worse still on half-truths. . . ."

The position of the pacifist, as Mr. Ponsonby sees it, is like of a man standing at a cross roads urging an approaching th to take a road which looks perilous and unattractive but is in fac right road. Beside him stands Authority urging the throng to the wrong road and boldly proclaiming that it is the right one advertising many beauties and attractions for it. The pacifist kn that his road is right and the other road wrong *because he studied the map beforehand.* But unless he can also get *many ot to study the map and to do so before they arrive at the cross ro* the throng will choose the broad and easy way and the pacifist be comparatively futile.

The appeal of the book is directed more to reason than to mot economics or emotion. It relies on no argument of non-resista and confines the discussion strictly to the institution of internatio war.

Mr. Ponsonby is not very hopeful that governments or the Lea of Nations will move on to real disarmament unless—and the un is important—they are pushed to it by the determination of the r and file of the people in different countries. It is to the people, the fore, rather than to governments that pacifists should direct th efforts. To convert the people to pacifism is not impossible beca the majority of people are only in favor of war *after* the open falsehoods have been disseminated. When in the future they "neitl think nor suspect but *know* (1) that the causes declared by Government for the declaration of any war are, and must be, ba on lies, and (2) that war, however fiercely waged and however su cessfully terminated, can accomplish nothing at all," the effect w be first to make Authority realize the danger of embarking on a war gamble when anti-war feeling is so strong and, second, to for governments to compromise any issue that may arise and settle by diplomacy instead of war. This is what actually does happ in the years immediately after a great war. "There have been f graver points of difference between nations in the seven years sin 1918 because of the policy of the statesmen who made peace th ever there were in the seven years before 1914." The problem befo pacifists is to make this anti-war state of the public mind permane

Besides publishing this book, Mr. Ponsonby has started a ve active campaign in England to put its recommendations into effe He has secured over 20,000 signatures to a letter to the Prin Minister in which the signers declare that they will not take part any future war.

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

From a French Pacifist

A VOICE of courage and determination, unsparing but full hope, comes from France in *L'Amour Roi*[2] by Marcelle Cap At the Conference of the Women's International League for Pea and Freedom, at Washington two years ago, Marcelle Capy was outstanding figure among the French delegates. Both in speaki and in writing she has a clear realism, based on good understandi of political and economic life. When she writes on Love as Ki she gives a virile and common sense analysis of the power of intel gent active good will.

The pacifism is not passive. "If it were enough to have peac

[1] Published by Thomas Seltzer. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, $2.58, postpaid.

[2] Published by Société Mutuelle d'Edition (25, rue de Lille, Paris), 7 fra Exact cost through The World Tomorrow Book Shop cannot be stated advance.

souls in order to have peace, it would have been achieved long
e. Most honest folk ask only that they may live undisturbed. . . .
the taste for peace and for the Good are passive sentiments,
tly amiable but barren. I do not care whether I offend peace-
souls for I expect nothing from an inert pacifism which loves
e as a child loves candy." "The modern man who truly wishes
Justice, fights in the name of Truth with the weapon of his
cience, the power of his sincerity, the force of his soul, de-
ined to the point of sacrifice. . . . If to desire peace meant to
t into softness and to be afraid, I would not be a pacifist. But
ow that the only conflict where it is possible and necessary to
tice the virile qualities that prove man's greatness, is the conflict
purpose against inertia, of living spirit against conventionality,
the human will against brute force, of creative power against
ructive weakness, of vigor against passivity, of conscious ethics
inst unmorality, of Love against selfishness." "I count as
pian not the man who has a great dream and marches towards
ut him who wishes to achieve an ideal, little or great, immediately
without effort."

Much of the writing is poetic and exquisite. The earlier pages
the book are filled with the mystical background of Marcelle
y's philosophy and personal experience. The book gains in vigor
it proceeds. But the conception of the beauty of Life set forth in
itative and discursive fashion in the earlier parts of the book
iches and strengthens the more concrete argument. The hard
mmon sense of the value of co-operation and the power of serene
ive goodness run through the whole, and readers who are re-
led by the mystical would yet find the book practical and stimu-
ing.

A. R.

Pacifism and the Early Christians

"I SUPPOSE that most Christians," says Wilfred Wellock in *War as Viewed by Jesus and the Early Church*,[1] "would say
y disbelieve in war, yet would they mean anything more by this
n that they dislike war? If they really disbelieved in war, could
y possibly take part in it, or allow others to take part in it on
ir behalf?"

Ever since the first 175 years or so of the Christian era, most
ristians have done those very things, and seen little in them to
estion. But, says Mr. Wellock, it was not always so. When the
st warm enthusiasm engendered by the life and death of Jesus
d not yet been chilled by the ambition for numerical strength and
owth at any cost, the Nazarene's followers were consistently, joy-
sly, and indubitably pacifists. There was no such phenomenon in
ew as a "Christian soldier"; the creation of such an anomaly re-
ained for the ingenuity of later days. Gradually, as the ideals of
e movement became absorbed into the expediencies of current de-
ands for "practicality," pacifism, as well as other attributes of the
rly Church, faded from the picture. And when, as Lecky puts it,
he nails of the cross . . . were converted into a helmet, and into
s for his warhorse, it was evident that a great change was passing
er the once pacifist spirit of the Church."

In a pamphlet of 32 pages, Mr. Wellock has discussed with ad-
nturies A. D. portray more accurately the mind of Jesus on the
bject of violence than all the subsequent encrustations of ecclesiasti-
l officialdom.

With some interesting exceptions, Mr. Wellock's pamphlet is in
way an abbreviation and popularization of the ground covered by
e previous volume by C. J. Cadoux, on "The Early Christian Atti-
de to War," published by Headley Brothers, London, in 1919.

No sincere believer in the social principles of Jesus ought to be
ithout it. It is, also, one of those things which may well be pur-
ased in number and given out to Christians who are thought to be
afraid to inquire further into the meaning of their own professions
Christian loyalty.

D. A.

[1] Published by The No More War Movement, 11 Doughty St., London, W. C. 1. Sixpence. Exact cost through The World Tomorrow Book Shop cannot be stated in advance.

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Rebel Saints

"THE Quaker religion," said William James, "in a day of sh was a religion of verity rooted in spiritual inwardness . . far as our Christian sects today are evolving into liberality, they simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the Quakers so long ago assumed." In a most interesting way M Agnes Best has in *Rebel Saints*[1] opened to her readers the of some of the hardy and heroic pioneers of the Quaker faith. the reading of these partial life biographies of individuals specialized in teaching Christianity to Christians one secures a glimpse of the brutality and intolerance of the time. Undaun however, these people of simple but unshakable faith made early testimony against the taking of human life, and flung challenge of autocratic power in the face of all who in their unjustly used it.

Beginning with "The world as the Quakers found it" *Rebel Sa* leads us to "The world as the Quakers changed it" by the wa the heroic and often martyred lives of their outstanding personali The dangers encountered and the persecution endured by those in the days of George Fox and Margaret Fell gave the Qu testimony of faith makes the persecution given today to rad thinkers seem very mild and very gentle. Sold into slavery, prisoned in dungeons that speedily sapped the life away, tort by vivisection, whipped and beaten at the hands of mobs and at hands of the official executioner, martyred at the stake and on gallows, the story of their unflinching faith and indomitable cou is, and always will be, an epic in the history of the struggle liberty of the human mind and conscience. Into a sea of m morals, class arrogance, and mass misery, Quakerism was launc by George Fox. In attacking the corruption of their day the Qua were uncompromising. The authorities met the moral resista of the Quakers with acts of unrestrained violence. Violence, h ever, served only to renew the faith of these persistent folk. T missionaries wandered over the world, apostles of liberty where they went.

Rebel Saints points out clearly that there may have been seemi useless theological discussions, and indecorous behavior on the of some, nevertheless the spirit of the Friends was something that they passed on to later generations. They passed on a r for the individual to hold his own beliefs. They purchased right with their blood. Beginning in England with the heroic fig of George Fox, who, wearing his suit of leather, was equally home with King, peasant, prisoner, or dictator, the author le us thru Quaker history by way of the lives of Margaret Fell, Lady of Swarthmore, Thomas Lurting, the converted fighting sai Mary Fisher, an undaunted lady carrying her message to even far away Turk, William Penn, son of an admiral in the Eng navy and the initiator of the Holy Experiment, Mary Dyer, endless sufferer at the hands of the Puritan despotism in New E land, and Elizabeth Haddon, whose name does not help to sw the "Collection of sufferings" but who, coming on the scene just the fight for Freedom was won, turned her energies to the activi of Peace, and founded a town which is a perpetual monument her enterprise and ability.

Perhaps a considerable amount of emphasis is put upon the in light and the power of God for the transforming of the situat as the Quakers found it, but it is certain that the early Quak as the author shows them to us did not sit down and expect G to do all their work for them. Their principle is summed up the words of a Nantucket Quaker. In reply to a New Engl magistrate who charged that their principle was passive obedie and nonresistance, he replied, "On the contrary our principle active obedience (to God) and passive suffering." In opening

[1]Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Through the World Tomorrow B shop, $3.08, postpaid.

e lives of these Rebel Saints the author has done us real service. way pointed is not one of hopeful praying and waiting but of ageous faith and work. SEATTLE A. STOWATER.

German Books Against War

M sorry that these soldiers cannot be reported as finding either ar or pacifism a great adventure. One is as indifferent to them he other. They saw four years of the concentrated obscenity d war; and that has put both romantic pacifism and romantic aredness far behind them. They are strong enough only for the tion: Good father and good mother, why was mankind allowed born? Why were we cursed?

ward war they have only one answer left. It is so monstrous, asty, so perverted that they will have no more to do with it. rever you look: toward the enemy, toward the rear and your staff, toward your next buddy, or toward home, you see the damnation. Not one "human being" in war can act toward her "human being" as a "human."

ence, my dear Minister of State, we shall refuse. Jail us. Kill Do with us what you will. But you will never get us in again. r State will be ruined? Then let it be; we are past caring about s. Your finances disrupted? How, my dear Exchequer, does concern us? We don't belong to any State or Church or Eco- ic Program any more.

eroism in this attitude there is none. All the heroism these men is concentrated on keeping alive in such a monstrous world. e of them are working to unite common people, working people: ring them to a strike when next they are asked to fight; but to y even that is a hopeless task. The fools will go in again—they n't seen hell.

ow all of this to an American sounds hysterical and crazy. rightly so. None of us have had the experience. Even the g Germans have not felt it, and so many of them look forward ie next war and revenge. And America was not even defeated: is she ever to hear the truth about the front? *What Price ry*, for all the shockingness of a few of the mildest soldier-words, Sunday School version of war. *The Big Parade* is a lie. You t put a bawdy-house on the stage. And you can't photograph s murder. The truth would land the authors in jail. Our dough- s from the actual front (as distinguished from nine-tenths of those "have been in France"—where?) had sworn they would tell— the monstrous deafness of their countrymen soon had them speech-

he German authors did go to jail. *Es Lebe der Krieg*[1] is sealed attested by a month of it. *Nie Wieder Krieg*, a book of photo- phs, has made of its author an in-again-out-again: you never can w on which side of the bars you will find him.

he reason, of course, is that, as contrasted with *What Price ry*, these books are the unbearable truth. Hence, like the private ries of the American doughboy, they are simply accounts of one tterable nastiness and bestiality above the other.

he nausea was general. Every reserve and every decency was ken down. Even the home of the soldier, for whose "protection" "purity" he fought, was besmutted and dishonored through the r itself. Whether home or enemy; whether in victory or in eat, the result was the same. Gradually the reader becomes aware the irrelevance in the usual analogies to the war: the repulse of uffian, the stopping of a burglar, the defense of a woman. War, ner, is the absolute guarantee that murder, theft, and perversion be made both fathomless and indiscriminate.

f course all this is unbelievable to the American, and he ascribes dirt to the minds of the authors. He thinks they have taken

[1] Published by Die Woelfe, Leipzig. Through The World Tomorrow Book p, 79 cents, postpaid.

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extreme cases. He believes there are compensations. He thinks still are "human" even in a war. Very well. So thought authors when they went into it. And they don't care what he beli they *know*.

Gesinnung,[2] by Friedrich Franz von Unruh, is the confe of an officer who formerly had swallowed the big patriotic w *Der Genius am Galgen*,[3] by Wilhelm Lamszus, a well-known Ge pacifist, is despair of the human race, with a tinge of hope for w ing-class unity against war. *Heinrich aus Andernach*,[4] by Fritz Unruh, a play of orthodox pacifist apologetics, comes off we but has had success in Germany. *Es Lebe der Krieg* by Bruno V a book of stories from the front, is the most effective of the list.

Others of higher rank have written against war: General Schoenaich, Major Endres, Colonel Schuetzinger; their books less effective than *Es Lebe der Kreig*.

DOUGLAS HASKEL

[2]Published by Fackelreiter Verlag. Through The World Tomorrow Shop, 79 cents, postpaid.
[3]Published by Ernst Oldenburg Verlag. Through The World Tomo Book, $1.04, postpaid.
[4]Published by Frankfurter Societaets-Druckerei. Through The World morrow Book Shop, $1.29, postpaid.

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Story of John Reed Children's Colony on the Volga, which is as well a story of the whole great structure of Russia
By ANNA LOUISE STRONG
Dr. Scudder, Wellesley, says *"Delightful book;"* Dr. Thorp, Palo Alto, *"I certainly take off my hat to her as a writer,"* Ruth Lind, Puyallup, *"Mamma told me to tell you that she hasn't time to eat her supper because she has to read that book to us."*
This book, 100 pages, printed Dec. 1925 (3,000 copies) has gone, Jan. 15, to a second printing.
Price, 50 cents. *Send to STRONG, 508 Garfield St., Seattle*

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GENIAL psychologist is Harry A. Overstreet, who in his presentation of ideas actually practices the astute suggestions he makes for others. His book, *Influencing Human Behavior*, is the best analysis we have seen of the practical application sychological principles in human intercourse. Pacifists and nts will do well to con it. (Published by the Peoples Institute ishing Company. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, .)

Someo

ETTERS from the men who instead of accepting the required military service gave their labor to the hard work and the skil- rebuilding made necessary by a landslide in the Swiss village of eo are assembled in a little volume which would be of interest ny pacifist who reads French or German. (Published by the veizerischen Zentralstelle für Friedensarbeit, Zurich. 1 franc 50. t price through The World Tomorrow Book Shop cannot be d in advance.)

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THEN REFER TO PAGE 101

WORKERS FOR PEACE

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International Fur Workers' Union of U. S. and Canada. 9 Jackson Ave., L. I. City, N. Y. Morris Kaufman and A. Rosebury, eds.

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Advocates revolutionary industrial unionism. Emergency Program Branches of the I. W. W., Box 3291, Portland, Ore. James Lance, ed.

JEWISH DAILY FORWARD
Endorsed by Socialist Party, United Hebrew Trades, Workmen's Circle. Forward Assoc., 175 E. Broadway, N. Y. C. Abraham Cahan, ed.

JEWISH WORKERS' VOICE (monthly) $1.00
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LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' JOURNAL (monthly)
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Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 806 Engineers' Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Albert Coyle, ed.

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Canada's greatest labor paper. 54 Adelaide St., Winnipeg, Man., Canada. T. E. Moore, ed.

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"Revolutionary Socialism—Industrial Unionism." Official organ Socialist Labor Party. 45 Rose St., N. Y. C. Olive M. Johnson, ed.

For Group Discussion

I. The Values in War

1. Which is more important in making men ready to heed th to arms: combative instinct; desire to serve; sense of du one's country; dullness of one's daily work; fear of sequences if one refused; some other factor?
2. Which of these elements in the situation should be uti which should be modified, without recourse to war? How
3. Is it important that school children should know the truth a the causes of modern wars and the brutality and sufferin war?
4. Would a clear realization of the causes and the horrors of be sufficient by itself to prevent new wars between nati New revolutions? Why or why not?

II. The Immediate Adventure in Pacificsm

1. Which kind of courage is more needed today: that of the yo man who stood out entirely alone in his community, spea against the war, refusing to enlist when his neighbors friends were fired with warlike patriotism, and going to pr as a penalty, or that of the men who faced not popular position nor hostility of friends but physical attack and r fear on the battle front?
2. What conflicts between hostile groups, and what conflicts tween right and injustice, must be resolved before we can secure against war?
3. Which is the more important field for pacifist activity: ar ments and military training; education of children in chara and international understanding; international organizati racial conflict; labor movement; general propaganda for pea enrolling of conscientious objectors? What conflicts and ventures will the pacifist face in each?
4. What personal habits of mind and temper should a pacifist to develop in himself? What are his commonest failings?

III. The Long Future of Peace

1. Can we be content merely with the absence of war if daily life continues pretty much as it is today?
2. What is the greatest crime against the high possibilities human nature in our present day environment? Can we g eralize about this in spite of the diversity of temperaments a gifts?
3. What sort of human society would you like to see with r erence to physical needs, mental habits, the relations of fam and friends, and the relations of larger groups? What hope elements in our present world should be developed, in pre aration for this better civilization?

IV. The Power of Good Will

1. To what extent has the most modern development of indust expressed competition, domination, or exploitation? To wh extent, coöperation and service? Which element is more val able in relation to the actual production and distribution goods? What is the flaw in most of the "good will" campaig of leaders in industry?
2. Which do you consider more important for our future progres the temper of personal good will or the temper of hostile co flict? Is it practically possible to combine conflict against i justice and deceit with personal good will?
3. Is the failure of an individual or a group to accomplish immediate end through effort to "overcome evil with good" adequate reason for turning to violence and deceit?
4. What groups in the world today come nearest to demonstrati the possibility of making good will positively effective for t settlement of conflict? For the elimination of injustice?
5. Is religious faith necessary for the effective development good will?

THE MONTH'S BLIND GUIDES

(Recent Emanations from the Best Minds)

Whenever, after wars or other disturbances, you have omen coming to the front in public affairs and professions nd so on, it is a sign that men are lacking in vitality, deriorating, and that things are in a fair way toward collapse.—*Sir W. Blair Bell, English psychologist and surgeon.*

Can you imagine the United States starting a war? . . . . The rest of the world knows it has nothing to fear from the United States, but all the world knows that the United States would not be safe for long if it were helpless to defend itself.—*Anonymous writer of "Mr. Ford's Page," in* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Personally I would like to seize every ship in our ports, load everyone of Bolshevist tendencies on them, and send them home.—*Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

Labor has been well rewarded for its remunerative service. —*President Calvin Coolidge.*

The first and best answer that this country can make (to the British rubber monopoly) was suggested before the hearing at Washington. It is to plant and grow rubber in the Philippines. This course involves a clearing up of the nonsense about Philippine independence—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

All my life I have thought a quick-firing gun the greatest life-saving instrument ever invented. The more lethal your weapon the less likely are men to resort to it.—*Hudson Maxim, famous inventor of implements of destruction.*

It is entirely possible for a man to adhere to progressive political and social tendencies and to liberal conceptions, as I hope I do, and yet admire Mussolini, as I certainly do.—*Otto H. Kahn, banker, philanthropist, and patron of the arts.*

In the whole world today, there is but one really decent place in which to live, and that is the United States of America. . . . . Before I let my two sons graduate from Princeton University I had President Hibben assure me over his own signature that he would never permit any Bolshevist or communist to have a place in his faculty. . . . They shall not pass.—*Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas.*

THE WORLD TOMORROW was (sic!) a pacifist paper and purveyor of sneaking mendacity of the communist type.—*Hon. Francis Ralston Welsh, Philadelphia "investigator," in a letter to Representative Blanton quoted by the latter in a speech printed in the Congressional Record for January* 4, 1926.

I believe the war plans of the War Department provide for national defense only and do not have to do with offensive operations.—*Representative Sol Bloom, of New York.*

The American capitalist cannot be charged with a desire to cause wars, because the motive of profit will be eliminated. —*Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War.*

NEXT MONTH

The Crux of Negro-White Relations

THE WORLD TOMORROW was the first journal published by white people to come out fairly and squarely on equal opportunity for Negroes in all relationships of life. There is still constant demand for the numbers on this subject. One of the three issues is entirely exhausted.

BUT a new one is coming better than any of the others.

READ what leading Negro and white writers (Southern white writers, too) have to say about *Social Equality.*

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104 East Ninth St.
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For the enclosed $1.00, please send The World Tomorrow for a year to

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BEGINNING with the April issue and on through August we will run our page of

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

again. So many people last year were helped with their various summer problems by this assembly of

CAMPS, SCHOOLS, BOARDING HOUSES, CONFERENCES, POSITIONS OPEN OR WANTED, FOR RENTS, FOR SALE, etc.

that we have decided to enlarge its capacity for service. Juan Oliver, the South American artists now working at his studio in New York, has been asked this year to do the drawing which adorns this page.

IF you wish to get in touch with persons who think along the lines that you do, *send in your copy.* We can furnish any caption your copy requires.

Rates are, single insertion —$3.00 an inch and $1.75 a half inch
3 insertions—$2.75 an inch and $1.65 a half inch
6 insertions—$2.50 an inch and $1.50 a half inch

COLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

The Last Page

THE brutal infliction of extreme punishment on offenders against the law is getting out of bounds. In Pennsylvania they have sought to make an example of a man who did nothing more serious than beat his wife, and have sentenced him to attend every night for two weeks services conducted by the Reverend William A. Sunday. What next? Are we going to return, I ask with oratorical vehemence, to the cruelties of the Inquisition? Mark Twain, who had probably never heard the vaudeville performances of the preacher with the Sabbatarian cognomen and, therefore, could think of nothing worse than second-rate torture, once said that rather than read any more of Sir Walter Scott, he would be damned to John Bunyan's heaven.

* * *

NOT possessing that type of high-official-worship that leads people to clamor for souvenirs of world-famous mediocrities, I have found it hard to understand why a man up in eastern Massachusetts stole from the Essex County Republican Club the chair that President Coolidge sat in on a visit to the club last summer. At last, however, I begin to comprehend. The club has issued a statement to the effect that the chair was taken by a marblehead man. I knew he must have been that kind. Through a typographical error, I suppose, the newspaper has given the word a capital M; but the inference is clear.

* * *

IT is quite the thing, now as always, to criticize the church. I have done very little of it in this department,—chiefly because I have found so little to inspire me among the critics. But lest my position be misconstrued, and world catastrophe thereby impend, I hasten for this once to join the Great Majority. My chief quarrel with church leaders is that they seem always willing to coöperate with evil so long as it wears a high hat. Judging by the sources whence modern organized religion on the whole derives financial backing, its motto appears to be, "Overcome evil with goods." For me, most of it has a good deal too much comfort in it. For the old and feeble, the worn and hardpressed, comfort there must be; and everyone falls into this description sometimes. But what so full of comfort as a new deep breath, a girding up for struggle, a summons to plow straight, deep, far-flung furrows of progress into a transformed order? Today, as a shrewd denizen of the Bible House one time remarked, the churches ought to sing the famous song like this:

> The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain;
> His blood-red banner streams afar;
> We follow on the train.

* * *

EVERY afternoon when I enter the subway, I am greeted by the persistent interest of a newsboy, who wants to know, invariably, "Whadda ya *read?*" Often courtesy has for a moment impelled me to stop, though I never do, and say: "Well, my lad, as long as you are so interested, I don't mind saying that I am a reader of wide tastes and patient insatiety. I read all of the weekly purveyors of profundity and most of the monthly offerers of erudition; to say nothing (which of all things is the best that can be said) of the weeklies and monthlies one peruses when simply too tired out to think. I read three daily papers all the time and as many as I can get when I desire a variety of propaganda on matters of concern. I read periodicals from all quarters of the globe and some of the eighths, and from all circles and semicircles of society. I read books, checks, letters, bills, lips, eyes, fingers, signs, menu cards, billboards, invitations to dinner, radio programs, movie subtitles, comic sections, preserve labels, sermons, speeches, and even part of the editorials in the New York *Herald-Tribune.*" I could say all this, in truth; but what I actually tell the boy is, "Gimme a ——," the one I stick to evenings out of habit.

PONDERING the too-broad question of the newsboy—we him "boy" although he probably has children old enough to my grandfather—it has occurred to me that herein lies a valu idea for the sales promotion of many other commodities, such food, clothing, tonsorial attentions, theology, or travel. If anything typical of American life in this age, it is our pathological zest combination. The newsboy no longer sells one paper only, as the days when I fought the vendors of rival journals, who w clad, like me, in short patched pants and who, like me, pulled ma at the sleeves of prospects. They sell everything published, n and once they get you tagged they give you what your being, as might say, craves for.

It can be but a short time, if, say, food monopolies keep swelling, ere your living will be vastly simplified. All you will h to do is to join the waiting line outside of a chain store that s everything eatable (which for efficiency's sake will be reduced such few articles as yield the largest profits for the smallest tu over). Presently, as you worm your way inside, you will be sei by the stalwart head salesman, who will demand, peremptor "Whadda ya *eat?*" You will reveal your simple needs, and go aw Instantly reference will be made to an elaborate card index, f nished presumably by the government, covering your anteceden color, credit, connections, photograph, finger prints, dependents, a political loyalty, and provided you have committed no indiscretio you will find, when you reach your house, your groceries waiti for you on the steps.

Or again, instead of having 206 denominations in Protestantis and a considerable even if smaller number outside of it, we mi easily have churches, each to represent all doctrines, dotting landscape everywhere. (I don't know why I say "dotting" landscape, unless because a dot indicates where you come to a f stop.) You step to the door of one of these institutions. From t altar comes a ringing voice, "Whadda ya *believe?*" You rep promptly, if you are in the same fix as most church members w could certainly stand a bit more combination, "I am a Southweste Softshell Neo-Presbyterian Seventh-Day Canonical Semi-Immersi Congrepiscopal Baptodist." And forthwith you are shown into special niche where you may worship, sing and meditate with you self and a few others intent, like you, on celebrating the brotherho of man.

Similarly, we might combine in further ways. "Whadda *learn?*" asks the college teacher; and "The straight-arm" replies t devotee of intellectualism. "Whadda ya *bristle?*" your barber wan to know; and you answer, if you are a modern youth, "Eight-hair upper lip, with two-way traffic." "Whereda ya *go?*" sings out t station gateman, picking you out of a slowly surging line; and y answer, as you are whisked on board a train that looks like every oth but is yours without mistake, "Home," adding, perhaps, a litt faintly, "for heaven's sake, home." And soon, as you speed alo past houses as efficient and individualistic as a string of sausag and the automatic train-stop swings down from its automatic trave ing cable and wants to know, in phonograph-like tones, "Whereda *get off at?*" you may be dazed enough to reply, unlike a real Amer can, "Darned if *I* know." But rallying, you will doubtless mana to speak out in time, "Merger Street, in Combine Center."

* * *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, in order to escape the bother th always goes along with being a famous figure, has been forc to use for a good deal of his correspondence in the world of everyd transactions a substitute address and a pseudonym, which, the pape tell us, is "Monomark." Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, in his famous p name, went G. B. S. one better.

But I don't blame either of them. You know how it is with celebrities.

ECCENTRICUS.

Must America's Children Suffer?

To the Readers of The World Tomorrow:

Shall industrial strife in the coal region be won by the bitter needs of cold and hungry men, women and children? That is the question that we want to share with you. It has come to us in the form of three appeals from three areas affected by strike. One of these is the anthracite region where, in spite of the settlement, there is real need for good, warm clothing, especially for children. Another appeal comes from West Virginia, where thousands are living in shacks, tents and barracks. They are the victims of local strikes, many of them of long duration, which are being waged to preserve the life of the union and to obtain the union wage scale. Similar conditions exist in similar camps on the cold hillsides of Central Pennsylvania, where 2,000 families are dependent upon the union for support.

In all these regions the relief work is well organized by the union; but they cannot provide clothing. They want warm, substantial clothing for whole families. They want money to buy clothing or provide other necessary relief. An "Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief" has been established jointly by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union to help transmit relief. All its overhead expenses are underwritten. Every cent that it receives will be for relief. In behalf of this committee, I am writing this letter to my old friends of THE WORLD TOMORROW.

Send checks to EVELYN PRESTON, Treasurer, Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y. If you live in New York City or near-by, you may send clothes to the same address.

If you live out of New York, send clothes direct to one of the following addresses:

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Send whatever you can, immediately.

Norman Thomas

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N. Y. Evening Post—"A masterful piece of writing . . . passages that fairly shake one's soul . . . . prose that a living author might envy. Dwarfs most current literature to negligibility."

S. Morgan-Powell in *Montreal Daily Star*—"The writing is brilliant with that brilliance one finds so rarely—a bri ance of spontaneous wit, or biting irony, of a satire that has burned clean through the modern glamour of hypocr down to the bedrock foundations of a life that wilts in the glare of the searchlight of truth. No other master of Engl fiction today has written with greater force, with finer restraint. I commend this novel unhesitatingly to all who w truth and are not afraid to face it when they find it set down in prose that burns and blazons the honesty of a stan ard that knows no compromise with decadence." $2

PROUD REVELRY

by

Amber Lee

Author of *The Woman I am*

The portrait of a young man of a wealthy American family, to whom life offers only the usual dancing and drin ing parties. So Anthony drinks, dances, makes love, sips here, sips there. But always, and growing as he grows, is vague glimmering in him of thing he has not tasted.

If *The Woman I Am* was lifted high above the "wilderness of drab fiction," as one critic said, then surely is *Pro Revelry*. There is a romantic, poetic throb-beat in it like the high note of a violin; Anthony is like an unforgettal handsome Pierrot doll—clad in black, white-ruffed, pale of face, melancholy dark eyes, lifted wondering brows.

And combined with this glamorous strain are the vividness, directness, reality that in *The Woman I Am* earn for Amber Lee readers whose numbers continue to grow. $2

THE WOMAN I AM

by

Amber Lee

H. W. Boynton in *Providence Journal*—"A portrait of the Scarlet Woman by herself."

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by

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by

J. A. Hobson

Journal of Commerce—"A comp review of the new conditions in the dustrial and business world from standpoint of fundamental economic $1

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